

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 4653.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28 1899.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

90 Pains

out of every hundred are caused by, or accompanied with, inflammation. The quickest relief and cure of inflammation is given by JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, either internally or externally as the case requires. It is pleasant to take, dropped on sugar, and the relief it gives when rubbed on the surface is sure and swift. At any time of year it cures colic, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafing. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been in constant use, day and night, for

90 Years

You can trust and depend on a remedy that has been handed down from mother to daughter and to great grandchildren in the households that have produced the magnificent race of New England men and women. In the State of Maine where it was originated ten years before Maine was admitted to the Union, it is to-day the most popular household remedy and its sales are increasing. Now used everywhere.

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In two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Larger sizes most economical. Write for our 64-page Book on "Treatment for Diseases." Free by mail. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., BOSTON, MASS.

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FUR AND VELVET HATS

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JOHN S. TILTON'S Congress Street.

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Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

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THE GRAND LODGE.

Large Gathering of Masons at Manchester at Semi-annual Session.

The Grand lodge of New Hampshire Ancient Free and Accepted Masons held its semi annual communication for the exemplification of the work of the order in Manchester on Wednesday. The attendance was large and the lodge hall was crowded.

The morning session began at 11 o'clock and adjourned at 12. It was occupied with the customary opening work.

The grand master in his address made a most interesting report of the memorial exercises held at Mount Vernon on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the death of "Most Worshipful Brother George Washington," as he is spoken of in masonic parlance, by virtue of the position held by him in the fraternity. In it the grand master incorporated a portion of the address made by him on that occasion. It was, in part, as follows:

"I was very much pleased to be able to say to the Grand lodge of Virginia, which met at Alexandria on Dec. 13, that exactly 125 years ago that night, Paul Revere, afterwards grand master of masons of Massachusetts, carried the news from the committee of safety of Boston to the like committee at Portsmouth, N. H., and that John Sullivan that night organized the first armed hostility to the power of Great Britain on the American soil, capturing Fort William and Mary, and hauling down the English flag. He took and carried away 100 barrels of gun powder and fourteen small cannon. The powder was hidden in various places, some of it under the pulpit of the old church at Durham, New Hampshire. This powder was all used at the battle of Bunker Hill, and without it the patriots could have made but small resistance. Had the quantity been double, victory instead of defeat, would probably have been with the Colonial arms.

"The Capture of Fort William and Mary was more than four months before the first shot was fired at Concord. This same John Sullivan fought with Washington at Trenton, Monmouth and Germantown. He was the first and most distinguished grand master of the masonic fraternity in New Hampshire and the first governor.

"On this historic and interesting occasion, I am glad to call to mind the fact that the first blow for freedom and liberty of the Revolution was struck on the soil of old New Hampshire, and the last on the soil of Virginia."

Among those present from this city were John Pender, M. W. Past Grand Master; and Albert H. Sidon, Master, St. John's lodge.

Between the afternoon and evening sessions a beautiful supper was served in the banquet hall by the Manchester lodges.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Assistant Surgeon F. J. Grow, detached from the Massachusetts and to the Dixie.

Surgeon H. F. Ames, order of Dec. 20th modified to duty in connection with the fitting out of the Keasarge at Newport News, Va.

Pay Inspector H. T. B. Harris, additional duty in charge of accounts of officers attached to the United States steamer Potomac.

Gunner H. Campbell, additional duty at the torpedo station at Newport, R. I. Gunner H. Campbell detached from the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., and to command the tug Leyden.

Lieut. C. A. Carr, from the Scindia and to the Asiatic station via the Sheridan.

Lieut. Y. Sterling, from the Scindia to the Asiatic station via the Sheridan.

Ensign I. F. Landis and Ensign W. R. Sexton from the Scindia and to the Asiatic station via the Sheridan.

Acting Warrant Machinist R. F. Nourse and Acting Warrant Machinist O. Bragioni, from the Scindia and to the Asiatic station via the Sheridan.

Lieut. C. A. E. King, from the bureau of steam engineering and sick leave granted for three months instead of to the Scindia.

Ensign H. V. Butler, from the Monongahela and sick leave granted for three months.

Lieut. D. C. Redgrave, from inspection duty at Sparrows Point, Md., and to temporary engineering duty on board the Scindia for passage to the Asiatic station.

Half the ill that man is heir to come from indigestion. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens and tones the stomach; makes indigestion impossible.

NEWSY GLEANINGS FROM

OUR SUBURBAN TOWNS

KITTERY.

KITTERY, Me., Dec. 27.

The marriage of Miss Mollie Stevens and Mr. Walter Lutz will take place during next March at the home of the bride.

The skating season was opened at Clarkson's grove pond by a large number of young people taking advantage of the fine surface of the ice there. The lights were turned on all the evening and made the pond as bright as daylight. As soon as the ice becomes permanently solid, the management of the pond will make arrangements for polo games on the pond.

At the regular meeting of Whipple lodge of Good Templars last evening, there was an interesting debate on the question, "Resolved, That the education of immigrants is of more importance than the education of the Negro." The affirmative of the question was taken by Mr. Frank E. Donnell and the negative supported by Mr. Fred E. Locke. There were other interesting exercises during the evening.

Mr. John H. Plaisted and Mr. Lionel Williams have returned from a visit in town.

At a regular meeting of Constitution lodge, Knights of Pythias, the following officers were elected:

C. C. Joseph Heene; V. C. Wm. E. Grogan; Pres., Walter Jackson; M. of W., Earnest Hanson; K. R. S., Fred Cross; M. of F., C. R. Wascott; M. of E., M. W. Paul; M. of A., B. F. Moore; 1 G. E. E. Bowden; O. G., Benj. Bunker; Trustee, 3 years, J. H. Swett; Ref., 2 years, F. W. Cross; Alt., 2 years, W. T. Burrows.

YORK.

YORK, Dec. 27.

Prominent upon the winter list of social events was the subscription dance given by the young ladies of York to their gentlemen friends Tuesday evening, and it was most emphatically one of the finest affairs of its kind ever given in this town. The good culture of the decorative committee was displayed in the effective trimming of the hall with garlands and festoons of living green, which were suspended from corner to corner and around the walls, while the stage was draped with flags and the musicians concealed by a miniature forest of young pines. Rugs and lamps added to the general effect.

A short reception preceded the dance, and Mrs. John Varrell, Mrs. Joseph Bridges and Mrs. S. E. Eldredge acted as patronesses, while the ushers Eugene Sewell, Barleigh Davidson and Willie Varrell performed their duties in a pleasing manner. All present were in full evening dress and the scene presented was brilliant and entertaining.

Nearly all of York's prominent people were present, either as invited guests or participants and numerous out of town guests were also there. Conservatory orchestra of Portsmouth furnished music for the occasion, and it was midnight before the long list of dances was exhausted. During intermission ice cream and cake was served.

Samuel W. Jenkins, Jr., of Alfred is at home this week.

Ralph Winn of Cape Neddick returned last night from a week's visit in Boston.

DOVER POINT.

DOVER POINT, Dec. 27.

The barge Dover is loading a cargo of bricks at E. G. Gage's yard on the banks of the Cocheco.

The gondola Fannie M., Capt. Adams, with 30 cords of hard wood for Kittery, passed through the draw Monday afternoon. This is the first time since the bridge was built, over twenty-three years, that a gondola has passed through the draw so late in the year. After discharging the cargo of wood the gondola will return to Portsmouth and haul up for the winter, at the tanyard wharf.

Mr. Stephen Roberts, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Oscar Pinkham for a few days, returned to Boston this morning, to resume his duties as clerk in the chief train dispatcher's office of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R.

Mr. Nathaniel P. Coleman of Portsmouth spent Christmas in Newington

with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira F. Pinkham ate their Christmas dinner in Dover, with J. Wallace Spinney and wife.

Mrs. Peter Loughlin and two children spent Christmas with friends in Portsmouth.

Mrs. E. A. Pickering of Portsmouth spent Christmas in Newington, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Drew.

DOVER POINT, Dec. 28.

The whist party at the town hall, Newington, last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Shakespeare club was a very enjoyable affair. There were fifteen tables of players present. Play was concluded at 10.30 o'clock, and the prizes were awarded as follows: Gentlemen's prize, a silver nut set, was won by Rufus Russell with 85 points; the ladies, a handsome framed picture, by Margaret Beane who had 43 points. Refreshments were served. Dancing was indulged in till 12.30 o'clock when all departed for their cozy homes.

Among those present your correspondent noticed the following: Supt. Henry Beane of the Rockingham county farm, Brentwood, County Commissioner G. W. Paul of Newfields; Mrs. Nathan Simpson, Mamie Simpson and Station Agent Tophitt of Greenland; Clyde Margeson and wife, Charles S. Hayes and wife, Charles H. Hayes, Ceylon Spinney, Mr. Givens of Portsmouth; Ida M. Pinkham, J. Wesley Clements and wife, Grace M. Clements, Ernest Card, Bernard James and Thomas Loughlin of Dover Point, T. B. Hoyt, V. M. Coleman and wife, M. M. Hoyt and wife, John J. Greenough and wife, D. W. Badger and wife, Charles A. Badger, L. C. Beane and wife, Mrs. James Drew, Florence Drew, James W. Coleman, Martha Coleman, Annie and Margaret Beane, Darius Frink and wife, Abbie and Mary Frink, Winnie Moody, Charles Coleman, Dorothy, Lydia and Florence Coleman, Mrs. B. S. Hoyt and Florence Hoyt, Newington.

Capt. E. O. Garland of the schooner James A. Gray has sailed up his vessel at Sheeh's wharf, Portsmouth, and arrived at his home in Newington to pass the winter months.

Annie C. Whitney of South Berwick, Me., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. John E. Pinkham for a short time, has returned home.

Lucy Green of Boston, is visiting here, the guest of S. S. Sanders and wife.

HAMPTON.

HAMPTON, Dec. 26.

Christmas festivities at the three churches were enjoyed by all who attended and the decorations and gifts made the hearts of the little ones fill with joy and the last holiday of the year passed merrily.

Mrs. Moses Perkins, aged 80 years, was present at the entertainment, Christmas eve.

Hotel Whittier has had about fifty electric lights placed in position since the beach season closed and an addition has been made to the new dining section. The hotel is a fine affair now and the rooms are fitted up in splendid style.

Engineer J. Phelps of the electric power station, has returned from the Massachusetts General hospital, where he has been treated for appendicitis.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

HANDSOME CALENDARS.

The calendars issued this year by the Frank Jones Brewing company are of unusually attractive design and color and are much prized by those who have received them. The Herald office was supplied with these beauties on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, and were very gratefully received by the force.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

STAGES OF STARVATION.

Diary of a Young Woman Who Recently Died in New York.

These are extracts taken from the diary kept by Evelyn Adams, reader and vocalist, during her struggle to live in New York. "Come to the rescue or I shall soon lose my reason. I cannot hold out much longer. The last stage of despair is upon me. . . . the creeping by inches to the end of all things. O God! Can the Christian world be so cruel? So cold and mercenary? . . . Bowed down with despair . . . and yet through it all she raises her eyes to the beacon light and a smile comes to her lips. 'I shall yet be an author! I shall yet succeed.' . . .

I have sent them a telegram. They will hardly send a favorable answer. Yet what a grand story it is. 'Don't want it.' 'Ah, well! I expected it.' 'There's a basket of fruit for you.' etc. Good God, and not a sou in my pocket and they are worth a million. Why didn't they slip a \$10 bill into the basket. As they help the least of the-e-but in my anguish I have to smile bitterly. But I shall yet succeed. Hungry—so famished—I would not object to something nice to eat—long time since I've tasted anything good. Now, to-morrow I'll have to go and buy the meat. I wonder if I'd better eat or save a penny for it.

The past forgot the future? Sweet spirit of prayer, lead me right, I pray. Keep me worthy.

He doesn't like my writing; says I scrawl all over the paper. But I don't suppose he knows all authors do that. I don't know what they (the publishers) are waiting for unless it is to get in shroud to make into rag paper to print the book on. They'll have it soon if this keeps on.

1887—Sept. 30—Arrived in Boston. Stopped at the Hotel Waterson, No. 5 Bunnich place. Saw Gen. B. F. Butler and took his advice in regard to the Adams case.

1887—Oct. 22—Returned to New York and engaged in business at No. 239 East Fourteenth street \$50 a month.

1888—Sept. 5—Went to Boston. Delivered in the Adams case.

1888—Sept. 21—Wolfeborough, N. H., to prosecute my claim against Susan P. Adams, of Ossipee, N. H.

1889—Feb. 28—Finished the first chapter of 'Fly and Lightning, the American Explorers' by Evelyn Adams.

1889—July 1—Left New York for Utica. Was ill with bronchitis. Remained in Utica five weeks.

1890—April 11—Finished XVI, chapter 'Fly and Lightning'.

1900—May 1—Sick for three weeks and couldn't work much of the time.

1890—April 11—Finished XVI, chapter 'Fly and Lightning,' XXIII chapters, 575 pages, about 100,000 words.

July 12—Made arrangements with the Union News Company. Asked assistance and was refused. Suffered the worst—suspense is a killing thing—not knowing what to do. Sept. 20, sold all my clothes to raise a little money to help along.

Oct. 6—Commenced 'Is Marriage a Lottery?' Have only \$7 left. Am trying to keep up.

Nov. 24—Writing 'A Gay Christmas' to send to Philadelphia Transcript.

1891—March 1—Sold collection of minerals and stamps for \$20. Have 20 cents in my pocket. Received food from Mrs. Mears for the last two weeks. Home to succeed yet. Calm within; ferment without.

March 22—Still keeping up courage, all despair. Have tried ten different ways to raise the money to publish the book 'Is Marriage a Lottery?' Failed each time, still hoping. 'Be of good courage, ye shall yet triumph.' Have resorted to sewing to keep the wolf from the door. Have gone to every possible place from — to the Sacred Heart Convent. By the kindness of Mrs. Mears life has been sustained a little longer. They have deprived themselves for my sake, I fear. Oh poverty—death—slow torture!

They will hold the plates of my book. I shall yet win a fortune. An author's or an artist's works always live long after they have gone. And this is my determination, to make a success before I do die.

A Stroke of Diplomacy. Stranger—Isn't that the Home for Women over there?

Citizen—That's what it was formerly called, but it's known as the Old Ladies' Home now.

Stranger—Why did they change the name?

Citizen—It was becoming too crowded.—Chicago News.

ANYTHING TO PLEASE.

She Was Much Obligated to the Telegraph Operator.

She sailed into a telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore the words 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words, and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charley so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it, I will drop a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good, with the possible exception of Charley.—Collier's Weekly.

Education Defined.

Herbert Spencer tells us in one short pregnant sentence that the function of education is to prepare us for complete living.

A fine if somewhat negative definition by Gladstone is as follows: "Is it not a fraud upon ourselves and our fellow creatures, is it not playing and paltering with words, is it not giving stones to those who ask bread, if when man, so endowed as he is and with such high necessities, demand of his fellow men that he be a rightly trained, we impart to him, under the name of an adequate education, that which has no reference to his most essential capacities and wants, and which limits the immortal creature to objects that perish in the use?"

A true chord is touched by Sydney Smith when he urges the importance of happiness as an aid to education. He says: "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

Equally wise are the words of Sir John Lubbock "Knowledge is a pleasure as well as a power, it should lead us all to try with Milton to behold the bright countenance of truth in the still air of study."

"Good-by, Hubby."

A divorce case heard in Cincinnati the other day was that of C. H. Maguire against Minnie Maguire. He is a telegraph operator. She is an actress and known as Lillian Walton. She was a singer in the musical Humpty Dumpty which was at the Walnut Street Theatre a few seasons ago. She also appeared in other productions of a musical character. Her husband said she was a good wife for a time. One day his employer told him he was not allowed the woman who was coming to the office to see him to do so any more.

He said the woman was his wife, but his employer would not believe it, and when the fact was insisted upon he was told he would better, under such conditions, watch her. One night he found her with a man named Jack Cox. He asked her to go home and she would not. Cox said if she was the wife of Maguire she must go home and he would accompany them. He did so, but they all drank some beer together at Maguire's flat. After that she said: "Jack, I will go with you. Good-bye, and the two left together."

He refused to live with her husband again, and he sued for divorce. They were married in 1892. A decree was granted.

Army and Navy.

There remains but fifteen vacancies to the West Point Military Academy for the examination in June. Members of Congress have been unusually prompt in making their nominations in the last five months. All Presidential appointments have been filled as well, and the prospects are now that no additional places will be at the President's disposal until 1901.

One member of Congress from the Fifth Maryland district, has allowed his district to be unrepresented at West Point for nearly two years, and does not seem inclined now to select any candidate. There are, of course, numbers of applicants, but the Congressmen needs them not. No appointments to the Naval Academy will be made until after March 8 next. Candidates then will report for the examination in May.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

THE
rawford
SHO

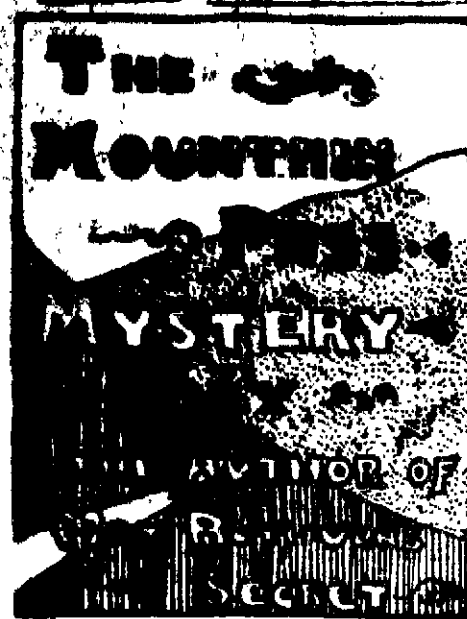
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\$3.00 and \$3.50—These goods to be had only at



CHAPTER I.

Christmas Eve.

My name is John Douglas. I am a plain-living, plain-spoken man; and, Heaven knows, I never have, and never shall, set up to be regarded as a literature. Nevertheless, it has been suggested to me that certain adventures through which I passed five Christmas eves, and a year later, were so very startling, that I ought to cast them into the form of a narrative for other folks to read.

I believe my friends are, perhaps, right in this, and hence am beginning to set down these extraordinary adventures; but I warn my readers they must expect nothing more than a narration of facts, altogether unembellished by any graces of literary style.

It is unnecessary to detail the circumstances which led me, who am by birth a gentleman, and who, even in my own mind, was not without some little money of my own, to take up my residence in a cottage, which was little more than a hut, at the foot of a mountain in Wales.

Since it had a quarrel with a relative had made me thus seclude myself, and that, for more than six months, I lived in that cottage with no companion, save my dog, and with no occupation beyond fishing, shooting, and mountain climbing.

When Christmas came around, it found me there. Pretty late on the Christmas Eve, I tramped into the town for my store of provisions, and tramped back again through the falling snow, with a misanthropical enjoyment of the fact that, for the first time in my life, I should eat my Christmas dinner alone.

I threw another log on the fire, made myself a glass of whiskey toddy, and was sipping it very much at my leisure, when the furious barking of my dog made me jump up and hurry outside, confident that something was wrong.

My hut was at least three miles from any other human habitation; it lay out of the way of all roads, and was much so that for weeks together no one passed near it.

Thieves were out of the question for I had nothing to tempt cupidity. What, then, could be the meaning of Nero's furious barking? It sounded, for all the world, as though he were rending some enemy limb from limb.

To snatch up my gun and open the door was the work of a moment. The snow had ceased falling, and the moon was shining brightly but for a moment I saw nothing of my dog though his hoarse bark sounded more furiously than ever.

A stone's throw from the cottage, and quite at the back of it, was a little copse of trees. From that came the barking and hurrying towards the spot. I was struck dumb with horror to see Nero attacking a woman. He had pulled her down to the ground, and his teeth had actually met in the fleshy part of her arm.

Even when I called him off, he obeyed with the utmost reluctance, licking his chops, and growling horribly, as though he would fain return to the attack.

I administered an angry kick to him in passing, then strode up to the woman, who had risen to her feet the moment the brute let go his hold. Even in the moonlight I could see blood trickling down her hand.

Fond as I was of my dog, I felt at that moment tempted to put a bullet through his head so incensed was I against him.

"Good heavens! I hope you are not seriously hurt," I cried; and, even as I spoke I became dimly conscious that this woman was no ordinary woman—that this midnight adventure was one of peculiar mystery.

Two things assisted me to this conviction. One was that the woman had never uttered a single cry of groan. Even when Nero's cruel teeth had torn her flesh, she had suffered in stoical silence contenting herself, as I had seen, with a desperate attempt to choke him off by the unaided strength of her own hands.

This in itself was marvellous, for it is second nature with a woman to cry out at such a time, especially when a cry may be trusted to bring help. Surely her silence must have been due to the fact that she preferred even the pain and peril of those awful fangs to the chance of being seen by any human eye. The other thing was that, when I approached close to her, and she turned and faced me, I saw she wore a black velvet mask, which covered her features sufficiently to defy recognition.

"Are you seriously hurt?" I questioned, anxiously and waving my surprise in my fears for her safety. "Has the brute bitten you severely?"

For answer she held out her arm, bare to the elbow and showed me a frightful wound.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, aghast; "you had better let me cauterize that. Not that I think the dog is mad. I believe him to be perfectly healthy. But still, it would be safer."

Then the woman spoke for the first time. Her voice was rich and clear, its accents unmistakably those of a lady; it thrilled me curiously.

"Are you alone?" she asked. "Is there anyone in there with you?" and she pointed to the cottage.

"I am quite alone. No one will see you, come!"

I gave her my arm. She took it with a word, and leaned on me heavily. We had to pass by Nero, who had been sitting on his haunches still licking his chops, and steadily regarding us.

to him, in my anger; and, when he attempted to fawn upon me, I sternly put him back. I had never been so disgusted with him before.

We entered the cottage. I led my companion to a seat, poured out a little brandy and insisted on her drinking it.

I knew she would need some support in the terrible ordeal that lay before her. She did not remove her mask, and I did not suggest that she should do so. As a man of sense, I knew she did not wear that at midnight among the mountain snows without a purpose; and, as a man of breeding, I, of course, refrained from endeavoring to penetrate her disguise.

Whatever her reason for secrecy, she was welcome to preserve it, so far as I was concerned.

In my own mind, I suspected a love affair—some romantic assignation, perhaps even an elopement. But, let it be what it might, it was no business of mine. Thus I thought, little dreaming then what Fate was weaving in the meshes of her mystic web.

"Can you bear to let me cauterize that wound?" I asked. "Of course, I must tell you frankly, it will give you great pain."

"I can bear it," she answered. "Then, the sooner it is done, the better."

As I spoke, I turned my back to her, that she might not watch my movements, and poked into the hot part of the fire a long flat piece of steel.

I brought it to white heat, then I turned to the woman. I was as white as a sheet, I am quite certain, and it was only with a strong effort of will I kept my hands steady. I would a hundred times rather have passed that cruel steel across my own arm than across the arm of this tender and delicate woman.

But it had to be done—for her sake; and I did not shrink from it. I gripped one end of the steel firmly with my handkerchief, and pressed it deep—deep—into her flesh! I shall never forget my sensations at that moment. The horrible "fizz" made by the burning metal on the cool white flesh caused me to shudder from head to foot. I ground my teeth almost fiercely in the intensity of my feelings, and a copious perspiration started out upon my brow.

The tortured victim herself uttered neither cry nor groan. I could see by the movement of her face, that she was setting her teeth hard, and, when the steel burst its way into the flesh, I could feel her shudder; but this was the only token of her agony.

My heart was filled with wondering admiration. This woman had the soul of a heroine, I told myself. Never had I seen in female form, a higher spirit or a more dauntless mind.

The moment the horrible operation was over I seized my brandy-flask, and attempted to pour a little of the spirit into the wound.

I think she felt herself near swooning for she feebly put up her hand as mine touched the black velvet mask, and whispered—

"You will not try to see my face."

"On my honor I will not," I answered promptly. "You may trust me."

She was lying back in my low basket chair now, on the verge of fainting. Her eyes were closed, her lips tightly set, her face was ashen pale.

I administered a little brandy, but feared it would not suffice to revive her. Indeed, it seemed to me she had already swooned quite away. I was terribly perplexed.

As I was about to give up my promise not to look at her face, I could not remove that hateful, tantalizing mask, and yet it seemed monstrous to stand by and make no effort to bring her back to consciousness.

To be sure, the mask did not seriously impede her breathing, for it only reached as far as her upper lip, and I had already noticed that her chin was beautifully moulded, and that her teeth were white as pearls, and her lips like some soft crimson flower.

But if I was forbidden to remove the mask the interdiction went no further, I reflected, and, stooping over the inanimate form, I unfasted the long dark cloth, which was buttoned closely from the throat to the feet.

A further surprise awaited me, for, instead of seeing a dress suited to the weather, I saw an evening gown of softest, richest ivory satin, confined at the waist by a zone of pearl and silver, and cut low enough to display the milk-white whiteness of her throat and bosom such as, for peerless beauty, I had never seen before.

Around the firm white throat was clasped a cirelet of rubies, which flashed like points of fire in the light of my reading lamp.

Half-gladly, I re-fastened the disgusting cloth and contented myself with applying some strong smelling salts to her nostrils.

Happily, these quickly took effect. I saw the eyes unclose behind the mask—beautiful lustrous eyes I was sure they were, even though I could see but little of them.

She started, shuddered, put out her hand as though to ward away some peril, then drew her cloak more closely round her.

I should say here, perhaps, that the cloak had a hood to it, which was drawn closely round her face, but that I had caught a glimpse of her hair gleaming in the fire light.

"I am better," she said, still in that thrilling rich, sweet voice, and in a tone of remarkable self-possession. Please let me walk to the door. All I want is air."

"One moment!" I answered. "I had been applying ointment to her poor, wounded arm, and now I wrapped a bandage round it."

"There now it will heal quickly. You have been wonderfully brave."

I gave her my arm, and led her to the door. Nero, cowed by my displeasure, was slinking outside, at sight of her, however, he could not repress a growl. I really did begin to fear he might be going mad, or, perhaps, that is what had determined me to cauterize the wound.

At any rate, I had never known him to act like this before. A minute or two we stood together at the door in silence. Far and near there was not a sound.

The mountain shrouded from its foot to its highest peak with snow, toward solemnly above us, the moon hung high in the heavens the air was intensely cold.

A slight shiver ran through my companion as we stood together listening to the sounds which told us that Christmas was born.

The strokes of the clock might have been falling—each one of them—upon her heart.

She roused herself, as though with an effort, and removed her hand from my arm.

"I must go," she said. "I thank you for your kindness; but I must go." "Go!" I echoed blankly. "Go where?"

The question fell from me involuntarily. Whatever curiosity I felt, I had not intended to betray it.

"You promised not to seek to know who I am," she answered. "Remember I trust you."

"And you may trust me. But surely you are in no condition to face this night alone. Let me at least see you to some place of safety. I promise you I will not pry into your affairs. I will not seek to so much as know your name."

"I am an unhappy woman," she replied; "a most unhappy woman." And there was a mournful cadence in her voice, which haunted me for long afterwards.

"But, at least, I can believe that all men are not false," she added. "I will trust you."

I was certain, now, that I was right in suspecting she had come to this lonely place in order to keep some assignation.

Probably she had kept her part of it in vain—her lover had forsaken her; why else should she say, so mournfully, that all men were not false?

I frankly admit, it angered me to reflect that this woman, who had the form of a goddess, and who, I did not doubt, had beauty of face to match, should have wasted the treasure of her love on one who, probably, cared not for the gift.

A moment or two she stood in silence; then she said— "You shall go with me, if you will, as far as the corner of the road."

"The corner of the road? But even then, the nearest house that you can reach is far away. It is impossible that you should walk that distance through all this snow—alone!"

"Come with me to the corner, and I shall be safe," she answered quietly. "I have someone waiting for me there."

Although I was greatly surprised, I was careful not to show it. "I will do so," I said. "I will do so, if you wish," I said.

"Thank you. You are very good and generous. I know it must seem strange to you that I should mask my face like this. It is not wholly for my own sake. I am so anxious to remain unknown."

But I cannot explain. I can only think you may please let me go."

I drew on my fur-lined coat, then gave her my arm, which she sorely needed, for her strength seemed all but spent, and walked with her until we came to the corner of the road.

There she stopped me. "Good-night, and good-bye," she whispered softly. "Remember, I trust you never to seek to find out who I am."

"Good-bye," I answered, wondering vaguely whether this adventure was not simply a part of some curiously vivid dream.

She glided away from me, her dark form shrouded against the whiteness of the new-fallen snow. I tramped back to my cottage without so much as one backward glance. Honor forbade me to try to see whether she went, or who was her mysterious friend. I felt strangely disturbed and restless, however, as I sat down by the fire.

"Well, this has been the strangest Christmas Eve I've ever spent, or ever shall spend!" I muttered.

I was wrong in this. My next Christmas Eve was fated to be stranger still.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas Day.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. I had had but little sleep, the excitement, consequent on my nocturnal adventure, had kept me awake until two, of three, and even then I had only fallen asleep to dream of a superbly beautiful woman with lustrous eyes and pale golden hair, who led me among mountain snows in vain search of after hidden treasure I could never find.

I dipped my face into a bowl of cold water, then, feeling refreshed and thoroughly wide-awake, drank a cup of cocoa, and sat out, intending to make a more substantial breakfast on my return.

The moment I opened the door, Nero, who had spent the night in an out-house—came up and fawned upon me, wagging his tail and looking wistfully into my face, as if doubtful of his welcome.

I was angry with him, and yet in my heart I could not altogether blame him, for, in thinking the whole case over during the night, I had come to the conclusion that the mysterious black mask had been the cause of his attack on a defenceless woman.

Doubtless in his eyes, that bit of velvet had had a suspicious and an uncanny look.

I was very fond of Nero. He was a magnificent brute, an Irish hound, faithful and affectionate, and, moreover, he had on one occasion saved my life.

It was not likely I should keep my anger against him long—especially on Christmas Day when we ought surely to show our good will to animals as well as to men.

He was transported with delight at being taken back into favor. "Come on old fellow!" I called to him, as I bent my steps towards that corner of the road at which I had parted from the mysterious woman.

No snow had fallen in the night, so that my footprints—mine and hers—were still plainly visible. At the corner I paused, half doubting whether I should go any further. To track those footprints would be to track the woman to her home. Was I not in honor bound not to do this?

But, even as I paced backwards and forwards in indecision, I made a startling discovery.

A dozen yards away from the corner the footprints ended, and, in place of them, I saw the marks of wheels, and of a horse's hoofs. Doubtless a carriage had stood near the corner awaiting my mysterious visitor last night.

The wheels had made deep indentations in the snow; the marks of the horse's hoofs were distinctly seen. After a struggle with what I conceive to have been a very natural curiosity, my sense of honor triumphed, and I resolutely turned my back upon those tempting tracks, and prepared to take my morning walk in quite an opposite direction.

My cottage stood, as I think I have said, at the foot of the mountain. I might almost say it was at the foot of several mountains as it was in a narrow pass encompassed by craggy heights on every side. The pass was a lonely one. In the winter months, no one would enter for days or even weeks together.

When I turned back from the corner of the road, I walked almost mechanically to the spot where I had rescued the woman from Nero's fangs last night; and having reached it, I found, to my surprise, that the footprints did not end there, but that they stretched out, far as my eye could reach, right up the pass.

I walked on a few paces, and soon I made another discovery. Two people had gone up that pass last night—a man as well as the woman. This did not surprise me so much as the fact that the man had not come back.

The female footprints were plainly enough discernible coming down as well as going up the pass; but the man's only went one way. The woman had come back alone. I felt vaguely uncomfortable. It was not that, at that moment, I actually suspected foul play; but still, I was anxious to know where the woman's companion had gone.

The other end of the pass led nowhere, or, rather, it led only to a road across the mountain, which it would have been madness to attempt by night.

I resolved to push my discoveries a little further, and I was confirmed in this determination by the strange conduct of Nero, who was running excitedly backwards and forwards, sniffing at the footprints, and every now and then emitting an angry growl.

"There is some mystery here. I must solve it," I said, and, making sure of my whiskey flask, I hurried up the pass in the wake of those mysterious footprints.

I half expected to find some poor wretch dying of exhaustion among the mountain snows.

Nero went on before me, growling more and more excitedly every minute, and I must own that I was beginning to share in his excitement.

Well, the footprints led up up the pass for about three-quarters of a mile; then, to my amazement, after mingling curiously, they disappeared altogether, close to a cavity in the mountain side.

Beyond this cavity the snow lay, all white and untrampled, without spot or stain.

An eerie feeling came over me—a feeling which was evidently shared by Nero, for he was tearing about like a mad thing, seemingly wild with fear, and yet in a fury of rage as well.

I was certain he smelt blood.

This cavity in the rock was just big enough for a man to sit in; but, assuredly, it would not have screened one snow about in all directions.

Fired with something of his excitement, I, too, began to remove the snow, when, to my horror, I saw a human hand protruding from it—a man's hand long and shapely, and on the little finger a glittering diamond.

That the man was dead I needed not to be told.

The only question was, how had he died, and what connection had there been between him and the woman whom Nero had attacked?

That they two had come together to this spot was certain, and that she had returned from it alone.

Poor play!—Poor play!—were the hideous words that rang through my brain, as I stood among the snows of the mountain pass, and looked down on that ghastly, untrampled hand.

In a moment or two I recovered my nerve sufficiently to act resolutely to work to release the body from its shroud of snow, or rather, Nero and I did this, for he worked with even more energy than I.

The snow had frozen during the night and so was a hard labor to remove, but at length we accomplished our task and then there lay before us the stiff, cold body of a man in evening dress, with his fur-lined cloak, falling back from the throat, revealed.

There were diamonds in his shirtfront and at his wristbands, and a delicate flower in his coat. Quite evidently he had been dressed for some festive gathering.

He was a man of middle height, slender and shapely, and, I should say, had been very handsome in his lifetime.

Nay, he looked handsome even as he lay there, with shut eyes, and the marble paleness of death on every feature. His face was clean-shaven, save for a slight moustache; his brow denoted intellectuality, and his fair brown hair seemed to indicate that those fastidious eyes were either blue or grey.

As to his age, I should have guessed him at something under thirty-five. All I saw in my first hasty glance, when I examined the body more closely, I saw in the chest a bullet-wound.

The question was, was that wound self-inflicted?

I would have given all I possessed to have been able to answer yes; but, in the first place, which would surely have been the case had it been self-inflicted, I could see, tight-clinched in the dead man's fingers, a few threads of silver brocade, and I remembered with horror that I had noticed, last night, a trimming of silver brocade on the mysterious woman's gown.

It was she who had murdered him! As I stood quite convinced of this; and yet—perhaps it is with shame I ought to make this confession—and yet I hoped she would not be apprehended.

I positively shuddered at the thought of her suffering for her crime. It could scarcely be said that her beauty had bewitched me, for it must be remembered, I had not so much as looked upon her face.

But there had been a world of beauty in her voice; something in my heart had leaped responsive to its sweet, soft tones—to say nothing of the beauty of her form, her grace of bearing, the softness and whiteness of her skin.

And, perhaps, this man had deserved his fate. Perhaps he had dealt with her vilely and treacherously, as man is prone to deal with woman when she loves and trusts.

She had said all men were not false. Well, at least she should find that I had not taken advantage of her visit to my cottage to hunt her to a shameful doom.

To this conclusion I had come, when the sound of church bells—heralding the joyous Christmas morn—floated down the pass upon my ears.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!" was the message they proclaimed. I resolved to atone for my past misdeeds by this woman's guilt be what it might, I would not raise hand or voice to bring it home to her.

I would leave her to her God. He, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open would judge between her and the murdered man, and would award, in His own way and time, due punishment. There was no need for me to interfere.

But for the fact that the woman had thrown herself on my protection last night, I could not have connected her with this crime; and, my sympathies enlisted in her favor, as they were, it needed no very great stretch of imagination to convince me I had no right to reveal what had been made to me in such a moment.

With infinite difficulty I released from the dead man's fingers those tell-tale threads of brocade then I laid him down again, and covered him with snow.

Nero sat on his haunches while I was thus employed, and testified his displeasure by short, sharp barks.

In my own mind, I resolved to keep my steps close, and with a sense of deep depression of spirits. The thought of that dead man lying beneath the snow haunted me. It seemed almost as though I were guilty of his murder.

The sound of the church bells reminded me that, no matter what his sins had been, his poor body ought to be laid in consecrated ground, and a word or two of prayer uttered over his grave.

I asked myself these questions, but I came to no satisfactory conclusion concerning them—nay, I have come to no satisfactory conclusion, even to this day.

When I had quite covered up the body, called to the dog and retraced my steps slowly, and with a sense of deep depression of spirits. The thought of that dead man lying beneath the snow haunted me. It seemed almost as though I were guilty of his murder.

The sound of the church bells reminded me that, no matter what his sins had been, his poor body ought to be laid in consecrated ground, and a word or two of prayer uttered over his grave.

I was acting rightly in suffering him to lie there like a dog? Ought I not, rather, to make known my discovery to the proper authorities, let the consequences be what they might to that unhappy woman? Nero walked beside me, occasionally licking my hand and raising his eyes wistfully to mine. He, too, seemed unhappy, and as though a weight was pressing upon his heart.

Still the Christmas bells pursued me as I emerged from the pass; still they haunted me with the thought that I had done wrong to leave the dead man hidden beneath the mountain snows.

By the time my cottage came in sight I was strongly tempted to walk to the nearest police station, and tell them what I had found. Accident decided the question for me. I was within a dozen paces from the cottage door, when my foot slipped, and I fell. A sharp pain in my ankle warned me I had hurt myself pretty severely.

However, I managed to crawl into my house, and flung myself upon my bed, then I realized that my ankle was badly sprained—I was little likely to walk again for days to come.

"Well, at any rate, I shall not go to the police station," I muttered. "This decides me!"

And in my heart, I fancied I discerned in the fall the hand of Fate.

For nearly a fortnight, during which snow fell almost every day, I nursed myself in my easy chair, never so much as attempting to go out of the door. Fortunately, I had plenty of provisions, and, for company—well, Nero was all I needed.

He watched by me like a Christian—may, with a far tenderer and more faithful solicitude than half the Christian men I have known would ever have shown. The only thing that troubled me in my captivity, was the thought of the man who lay buried beneath the snow in the mountain pass. Sometimes Nero would raise himself from his slumber on the rug during the long chilly nights, and would give to me a low and mournful howl. In my heart I was persuaded that he, too, was thinking of the murdered man.

The New Year had come, and was three or four days old, when a visitor came to my hut. It was a shepherd, who had come from the other side of the mountain.

"I didn't see the dog about as I passed," he remarked, apologetically. "So I thought I'd just call and see if you were all right."

I assured him I was all right—as, indeed, I was, save for my injured foot, and that was mending rapidly.

"There's no doubt he's been trying to cross over by way of the pass, and being caught in a snow storm, had taken shelter under a rock. He was frozen to death, of course. Perhaps you'd like to read about it in the paper. I've got one here."

I thanked him and he left the paper with me. The moment he had gone, I tore it open with avidity. The very first paragraph that caught my eye was headed—

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

FALL WOOLENS

HAVE ARRIVED.

CUSTOM TAILORING

LATEST STYLES

POPULAR PRICES

Cleaning and Pressing.

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PORTSMOUTH'S OLDEST TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

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Will be published by us shortly. It is now being printed for us on heavy plate paper.

A form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these hand-colored pictures of Admiral Dewey. It must be remembered that the picture will be in no sense a cheap chromo, but will be an example of the very highest style of illuminated printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing-room. Our readers can have the Dewey portrait at what it costs us (namely, ten cents per copy) by merely filling out the coupon below and sending it to this office at once. There will be no extra demand for this portrait when it is published, that we advise sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon, providing ten cents is sent for each copy. Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage stamps.

To THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD, Portsmouth, N. H.

For the enclosed remittance of.....cents, send me.....copies

of the ADMIRAL DEWEY PORTRAIT in colors as described in your paper.

Name.....

Address.....

TANGIN

What is the use of dragging through life half alive? Why do you do it? Is it because you think there is no cure? Of course you can't be blamed if you don't know TANGIN, but any woman who suffers after she has heard about it has only herself to blame, for TANGIN would surely cure her. We don't ask you to take our word for

WANT REAPPORTIONMENT

Republicans Have an Eye on Southern Representation

ITS REDUCTION FAVORED

Some of the Leaders in Washington Are opposed to Tackling the measure at This Time—A Knotty Political Problem that Will Actively Stir the Present Congress.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Certain Republicans are determined to press legislation intended to pave the way for a congressional reapportionment. A bill is to be reported favorably by the census committee and called up as soon after the holiday recess as possible. The measure is to instruct the superintendent of census to report on the number of citizens disfranchised by state law, their color and previous condition and the representation which localities wherein disfranchisement has taken place have in congress, together with the basis on which that representation is founded. In that way, it is proposed to accomplish in congress what Committee Payne of Wisconsin failed to do in the Republican national committee, namely, the reform of the basis of representation in the national convention.

The subject is great and some of the leaders are opposed to tackling it at this time. They say it will alienate much of the gold Democratic and expansion strength of the Republican party next year. To that statement the reply is made that the Republican party cannot afford longer to permit the south a representation based on the population that has no word in the management of its own affairs, but is counted in merely to increase representation in congress.

PHILIPPINE NEWS.

Some Hot Engagements and the Natives Scatter.

Manila, Dec. 27.—Colonel J. Franklin Dell, of the Thirty-sixth infantry, encountered 15 Filipinos Thursday near Alaminos, province of Zambales, and killed, wounded or captured twenty-eight of them. Our troops also seized many rifles and some ammunition. One American was wounded.

A detachment of the Thirty-fourth infantry encountered a band of the enemy Saturday at Arifao, province of New Vizcaya, and routed them, killing two and wounding or capturing thirteen. The Americans also seized the insurgents' ammunition.

The Twenty-first regiment attacked a Filipino outpost Sunday near Calamba, scattering them and killing five. The Thirty-second regiment Sunday had a brush with the enemy from the mountains northwest of Dinulupjan. One American was wounded. The troops captured 125 head of cattle and brought them to Orani, Bataan Province.

In the island of Panay, Captain Brownell's company, of the Twenty-sixth infantry, fought the enemy near Salia. The rebels lost heavily and the Americans captured many rifles. The rebels, who fled from Panay to Romblon Island, are surrendering to the American garrison on Panay.

The funeral of Major General Lawton will take place December 30. The remains will be sent home on the transport Thomas.

As From the Dead.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—A man, supposed to be dead, appeared in Chicago yesterday, and by signing a telegram made a New York life insurance company a present of \$10,000. The man, who was telegraphed to Los Angeles, Cal., thereby deepening a mystery that has puzzled the Western city since the supposed body of Aaron Wolfsohn was found on July 31 last in a lodging house under conditions that indicated suicide by asphyxiation.

Wolfsohn came to Chicago to see the attorney of the insurance company regarding a restitution to the company of the \$10,000 insurance paid the Los Angeles County Public Administrator for the heirs of the supposed Wolfsohn. Following the conference, Wolfsohn wrote out the following telegram addressed to the public administrator of Los Angeles county:—

"I am alive and here in Chicago. I order you to release the money paid you by the insurance company immediately. I sign this telegram in the presence of my brother-in-law, my uncle and the company's attorney."

Why She Desponded.

Seranton, Pa., Dec. 27.—Because her father married for the third time, Lena Katatschnek, a deaf mute, tried to kill herself. She used a dull razor and will recover. When her father took his third wife, Lena went out to work as a servant. She was a good housekeeper and obtained employment easily. She sang at her work and was happy until her father's friends found her and frightened her with stories of the dire things that would befall her if she did not return home. To avoid all she sought death.

Chautauqua County Snowbound.

Dunkirk, Dec. 27.—Snow to the depth of three feet covers Chautauqua County. Country stage lines are completely blocked, while trains are from one to six hours late. Trains east on the Erie Railroad and south on the Allegheny Valley are unable to leave Dunkirk. Lake Shore and Nickel Plate trains are having great difficulty in getting through. Big gangs of men are at work aboving the snow from the tracks. A Western New York and Pennsylvania train from Pittsburgh for Buffalo is also snowbound here.

Oscar Wilde Wants a Duel.

Paris, Dec. 27.—The Echo de Paris says a duel is anticipated between Oscar Wilde and Richet, the explorer. They had an altercation in a cafe and exchanged cards. By the code duello a man who has served a penal sentence for crimes of the character of those for which Wilde was convicted does not have the right to demand satisfaction at arms. For this reason it is not generally believed that a meeting with Richet will result.

A GOTHAM INCIDENT.

Killing, Cutting and Shooting on a Trolley.

New York, Dec. 27.—Three men were shot, one receiving probably fatal injuries, in a free fight on a trolley car of the Union Railway in the Bronx early Tuesday morning. The injured men are in the Fordham Hospital. Another man, Charles Treacy, of Travers street and Webster avenue, is under arrest charged with doing the shooting. All of the men are colored. The shooting was the outgrowth of a fight at a Christmas cakewalk. Shots were fired from at least one revolver, at least one razor flashed. The police have one prisoner whom the two worst wounded men refused to identify or complain against, but who was identified by the third hospital patient and by another negro who got away as the man who did the shooting. The prisoner himself admitted that he had thrown some lead about, but who did the cutting the police do not know. They hardly expect to find out or even to obtain a complete list of all the men who were hurt. The affair is shrouded in some mystery, and most of the negroes who could be witnesses refuse to talk.

A Great Strike in France.

Paris, Dec. 27.—At a meeting of twenty-five hundred miners held in St. Etienne, a resolution was adopted in favor of declaring a general strike in the coal basin of the Loire. A sympathy movement involving fifty thousand men is feared. The prosperity of the coal trade led the miners to demand an increase of wages, shorter hours and a formal recognition of the miners' federation by the companies. The latter made an offer of five per cent. increase, but this was refused.

The decision was reached amid cries of "Vive la Greve!" Disorders are anticipated. Already there have been slight disturbances, particularly last evening, when the miners went in procession through the streets of St. Etienne singing the "Carmagnole."

Twelve thousand five hundred lace workers are on strike in St. Etienne for higher wages. Their idleness involves that of thirty-five thousand other dependent workers, making with the miners if the coal strike spreads, as is expected, nearly one hundred thousand affected.

Moreover, a number of factories and works will soon be compelled to close owing to the coal shortage.

Dead at the Age of 106.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—John M. Brown, 106 years old, died at the Mercy Hospital on Sunday night. He had lived at the hospital for nearly twenty years. He was a feeble old man when he went there in 1880 for treatment. After his recovery he was permitted to make his home there. For several years he has spent the greater portion of his waking hours in prayer in the little chapel, where requiem mass will be celebrated to-morrow morning for the repose of his soul. The last time he went to the chapel was ten days ago, when he had to be wheeled to the altar in a chair. Since then he had been confined to his bed. Little is known at the hospital of his life prior to his entering there, except that he was born in Ireland, and that he had a son somewhere. The remains will be interred in Calvary Cemetery.

Opium Concealed in Bananas.

Boston, Dec. 27.—The State police have arrested Gilbert Whitney, on a charge of attempting to smuggle opium into the State prison at Charlestown, and the prisoner now occupies a cell in the Charlestown police station awaiting trial. Whitney has a brother in the prison, and, according to the State officers, the watchmen there discovered three vials of opium concealed in bananas which had been sent to him. The drug was concealed inside the fruit, a label to each of three bananas, and the officers discovered the trick through the failure properly to close up one of the bananas. A warrant was issued for Gilbert Whitney over a week ago, but he was not located until Saturday afternoon, when State Officer Dunham found him in the South End.

In Sympathy With the Boers.

Boston, Dec. 27.—Three prominent Irishmen, residents of Charlestown, have issued a call to sympathizers with the Boers to assemble in Monument Hall, Charlestown, next Tuesday evening, to formulate some scheme whereby practical assistance may be given the burghers in their struggle against England. The circular says:—

"As England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity, every Irishman and lover of liberty in this locality will rally round the green flag and try to devise some plan to strike a blow at the arch robber, England, in her supreme hour of peril. Fought-a-battle now or never, down with England England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity: Limerick; remember '98; remember Mitchellstown."

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Fair and continued cold; winds northwest.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Nov. 27.—With no London quotations to serve as an index, the upward movement of prices in the stock market was continued from Saturday under further demand from shorts to cover.

The specialties were most conspicuous. Sugar, People's Gas, Tennessee Coal and Metropolitan rising from 1 to 3 points.

A number of the international railroad stocks rose over a point. Burlington was an exception to the list, with a fractional decline.

Cash prices for staples:
Wheat, No. 2 red, 73¢.
Corn, No. 2 mixed, 35¢.
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 29¢.
Flour, Minnesota patents, \$3.95.
Cotton, middling, 9-16.
Macaroni, O. K. prime, 38.
Coffee, No. 7 Rio, 60¢.
Sugar, granulated, 5.18.
Beef, family, 12.75.
Beef hams, 22.75.
Tallow, prime, 95.
Pork, mess, 12.25.
Hogs, dressed, 140 lb., 65¢.
Lard, prime, 6.45.
Iron, Northern No. 1 foundry, 23.00.
Butter, Western creamery, 27.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

Portsmouth People Are Requested to Answer This.

Are not statements from representatives of citizens of Portsmouth more convincing than the doubtful utterances of people living everywhere else in the Union? Read this:

Mr. A. P. Blake, of 23 Hill street, says:—

"I had a distressing pain in my back, dizziness and headache and an annoying urinary difficulty. I went to the Phillips pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills for it and they gave me great relief. I had an accident which injured my spine, and my physician tells me it is incurable, consequently I cannot hope for a permanent cure, but I will say this, by taking half a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I was relieved of my backache and the urinary difficulty. I gave the balance of the box to my son, who was troubled with kidney complaint also. They did him so much good that he wrote and got more, and they cured him."

For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents. Foster—Millburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

MENELIK'S MENACE.

He is Putting a Great Army in the Field.

London, Dec. 27.—King Menelik, of Abyssinia, is sending a force to conquer the province of Tigre, according to a dispatch received from Rome.

This adds a new complication to England's war in South Africa, for by the terms of a convention between England and Italy, either country is bound to furnish an army to aid the other in case of a war with the natives and Tigre province is claimed by Italy.

Envoys from France and Russia are credited with stirring up Menelik to go to war at this time, hoping by new entanglements to embarrass England in the war with the Boers.

War with Menelik's fierce tribesmen will be no child's play for the Abyssinian King has on several occasions forced Italy to surrender territory claimed by that nation.

Trustworthy advices recently received here said that Menelik had assembled an army of 100,000 men, with plenty of artillery, but the object of this warlike demonstration was not then known.

Captain Cecodocia, the Italian envoy to Abyssinia, officially reported to his government a month ago that the intrigues of other powers were rousing Menelik and he feared trouble. Menelik is known to have imported within the past two years 200,000 French rifles, with several thousand Remingtons, Winchester and Martins, as well as rapid fire guns and ammunition, 6,000 revolvers, 25,000 blades for lances and 4,000,000 cartridges.

Count Antonelli estimates at 200,000 warriors the forces Menelik could put in the field, fully armed and equipped. Menelik claims dominion extending to the White Nile, near Fashoda, and war with Italy in Tigre might quickly extend to threaten English possessions, since England will never consent to having the Abyssinians control one side of the White Nile.

LASSOED A BEAR.

Method Which Succeeded in the Capture of an Escaped Animal.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 27.—In capturing a big black bear four miles east of the Hill, John Miller adopted a novel method. He lassoed the bear while running his horse full speed past the bear.

The bear escaped from the summer garden of John Schwab, in East Genesee street this city, last Friday morning, and the surrounding country was in a state of terror until yesterday. Schwab and his son Henry, Frank and John Schifferle, Herman Boimost and Miller started on horses to hunt the bear at once, and after a search of three days and nights traced it to the farm of Henry Stike.

Bruin had taken refuge in a wood, but wandered out and across a field, just before the horsemen arrived. He was chased across the field, through a creek and cornered against a fence. He was hungry and in a very bad mood, and the man in the party was anxious to try his capture. Finally Miller got a rope, made a noose, and urging his horse ahead a tal gallop passed the bear, dropped the noose over its head and dragged it off its feet. Then Miller leaped from his horse, made the rope fast to a tree and got out of each before the bear could get his claws on the rope. A big drygoods box was found, and with long poles the men prodded the animal into the box.

Edison's Religion.

This is what Thomas Edison said in reply to a question addressed him by an agnostic: "Why, after years of watching the processes of nature, I can no more doubt the existence of an Intelligence that is running things than I do of the existence of matter. Take, for example, the substance water that forms the crystal known as ice. Now, there are hundreds of combinations that form crystals, and every one of them save that of ice sinks in water. Ice, I say, doesn't. And it is rather lucky for us mortals, for if it had done so we would all be dead. Why? Simply because if ice sank to the bottom of rivers, lakes and oceans as fast as it froze, these places would be frozen up and there would be no water left. That is only one example out of thousands that to the prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that some vast Intelligence is governing this and other planets."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mytic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly helps. 75 cents. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm. Cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

QUIET AT MODDER RIVER.

British Artillery Fails to Draw Boers Out.

DELAY OF DESPATCHES

Continually Waiting for a Chance to Open Within Rifle Range—British Move Up Colenso Bridge to Keep Boers from Crossing with Artillery—Col. Long May Recover.

London, Dec. 27.—The war office has received the following from Gen. Fortescue-Walker at Cape Town, dated Dec. 25:

"No change at the Modder River. Men are well entrenched and the enemy does not disturb him.

"Gatacre reports that Col. Dalgetty with 150 Natal police has occupied Dordrecht. The Boers retreated. No losses."

Modder River, Dec. 19 (Delayed in transmission).—The British artillery fired four shots from the 47 inch guns, located near Manger's Cottage, this morning. There was no response from the Boers. Since the British artillery moved more powerful, the Boers have endeavored to conceal the location of their guns, and are evidently waiting to get within rifle range of the British. No Boers have been despatched since Dec. 16 except in the direction of Jacobsdal.

There has been another sandstorm and the heat is increasing. A conveyance of Modder River, Dec. 20 (Delayed in transmission).—All permits to pass the pickets have been canceled. A marked spot for milk, butter and vegetables has been established at the fourth line of pickets. Here licensed farmers are allowed to sell their produce between the hours of 6 and 9 a. m. daily. A tariff on each article has been fixed by the authorities.

British Wrecked Colenso Bridge.

Pietermaritzburg, Natal, Dec. 19 (Delayed in transmission).—A correspondent writes that the content hospital at Pietermaritzburg yesterday. The rooms are large and are very well suited for the purpose. The 140 wounded men there are progressing favorably and appear to be well cared for. Major Downman is in charge.

The hospital is situated on high ground above the town. Col. Long and Major Salford are doing as well as could be expected. The hospital is dangerous for the army. No bullet has been extracted from Col. Long's body, and it is thought it must have passed clear through.

Gen. Wolfe-Murray inspected the Colonial Scouts here to-day. All the foreign military attaches were present. The patients in the hospital here are progressing favorably and there is reasonable hope of Col. Long's recovery. The destruction of the Colenso road bridge by the British artillery was necessary in order to prevent the Boers' bringing artillery across. The weather is much cooler. Messages from the front are two days in transit.

Meat For Britain's Fighters.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The employees of the canning department of Armour & Company, the stock yards, worked all Christmas morning filling a rush order sent by the British Government. For almost a week night and day shifts of men have been kept at work. Recently, it is said, two large orders came from the English Government for meat for the army. The supplies are intended for the British forces in South Africa. Yesterday morning a large force was put at work. At noon such progress had been made that work was discontinued until to-day. It is expected that the order will be filled before the week is out. The supplies will be carried east in special trains and shipped at once to Cape Town.

Cast Bread on Quincy Bay.

Boston, Dec. 27.—A party of Hebrews who had lost two friends who were drowned in Quincy Bay on Saturday made an attempt to find trace of the bodies yesterday according to an old custom. They took their stand on the Hull shore at a place where it was known that two men had put off in a boat, and taking a loaf of bread from their waappings, they let it float in the water with a red candle flame set into it as in a candlestick. According to the old belief, the bread would float to a place in the water directly above where the bodies of the two men lay. Instead, however, yesterday it persisted in floating ashore, and after several hours' waiting, the men gave it up and went home.

Race War in Richmond, Va.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 27.—There was a race war here yesterday which threatened at one time to assume serious proportions. Three negroes, attacked a white man and beat him. Other whites came to his assistance, and in a short time there were probably two hundred persons on the ground engaged in fighting with rocks, knives and sticks. The fight took place in a quarter where there are a number of negro houses. The whites threatened to burn these down, and only the timely arrival of the police prevented them from carrying out their intentions. A large number of both races were arrested and the riot quelled.

In a riot at Columbia, Va., one negro was killed and three others wounded by Special Policeman Jordan.

Boy Choked to Death by a Nut.

Patterson, N. J., Dec. 27.—Daniel Fifehouse, 7 years old, was eating hickory nuts Christmas and a piece of a nut choked him. His mother slapped his back and after a time he seemed to be wholly well. Six hours later he died suddenly. The piece of nut had caught at the larynx, finally falling in and cutting off his breath.

Four Killed in Train Wreck.

Missouri, Mo., Dec. 27.—Four men were killed and several injured to-day in a wreck on the Northern Pacific Railroad, six miles east of Bear Mouth. The dead are Eugene K. B. Rhein, William C. A. Dickson, and two trainmen.

THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK.

It Kills Six People in Southern California.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 27.—The towns of San Jacinto and Hemet, in Riverside county, have been badly shaken by an earthquake. The shock lasted twelve seconds.

At Saboba, Indian reservation six squaws were killed by falling walls. Two others were fatally hurt and many seriously injured.

The shock caused dry artesian wells to flow larger streams than ever before. In San Jacinto not a brick house or block escaped injury. Nearly all of the business portion is in ruins. The new Southern California Hospital saved in. It was not occupied.

In Hemet, the hotel company's building is partly down. The front wall fell flat. The rear of the large Johnson Block also toppled over. Hemet's new hotel is a ruin.

Patrons in the third stories of hotels in Santa Anna were almost shaken out of their beds. Clocks were stopped, and the walls of several buildings were badly cracked.

Several buildings were cracked in Anaheim and the streets were filled with frightened citizens, but no serious damage was done.

Reports coming in from other towns in the San Jacinto Valley tell similar stories of damaged buildings and scared inhabitants, but so far as known the only loss of life was at Saboba.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 27.—The most severe shock of earthquake experienced in this city in fourteen years occurred early this morning, and was accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. Tall buildings in the city were severely shaken, but no serious damage was done.

A high wave struck the beach on the ocean front soon after the shock, but no damage was done to shipping. A slighter shock followed the first one.

San Jacinto is a town of recent growth, of about three thousand inhabitants, situated in Riverside county, Southern California. It is the most prosperous town in the San Jacinto Valley, which, during the last decade has attracted many settlers. The valley is fifteen miles wide and thirty miles long.

The town of San Jacinto is the centre of the agricultural interests of this valley. There are brick business blocks and school houses. Brick churches have also recently been built. The town is more nearly self-supporting than any other in the San Jacinto Valley. There are brick kilns, brick yards and sugar refineries within its limits. In the outlying farms the bottling and marketing of honey is a common industry.

BLOOD ON THE MOON.

A Sensational Story That Starts in Dunkirk.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 27.—A special from Dunkirk says the Fenians are said to be organizing there for an invasion of Canada.

A man known to have knowledge of the condition of Fenian affairs in Dunkirk says that city has been called upon to raise 600 men to form a part of New York's quota of the 125,000 men that are to be enrolled throughout the country.

At the present time 500 men are known to be mustered with the Fenians at Dunkirk, and the remaining 100 will be obtained with little difficulty. It is currently reported and extensively credited that the Fenians have two car-loads of arms and munitions of war in concealment in or near that city. This material is said to have been in the possession of the Dunkirk Fenians for some years.

Machinists Are "Ratted."

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 27.—President S. P. Donnelly and Secretary J. J. Biographical, of the International Typographical Union, has returned from a meeting of the Executive Council of the union in Pittsburgh.

"We found that the Pittsburgh publishers refused to meet with us or in any way recognize our council," said President Donnelly. "We have, as a result, 'ratted' the International Association of Machinists, and will have nothing more to do with them, either through arbitration or in any other way. The fight in Pittsburgh will be fought to a finish."

Secretary Bramwood, in speaking of the resolution passed by the American Federation of Labor at Detroit, providing for a committee to investigate and report on the differences between the typographical union and the machinists said:

"The Typographical Executive Council cannot appoint such a committee without a vote. This would take four months. The committee will not be appointed at all, at least, I think this way. The stereotypes in Pittsburgh were called out but would not strike. The pressmen are not organized, hence were not called out. We have 'ratted' the stereotypes as well as the machinists at Pittsburgh."

Shot and Killed in a Gambling House.

Weldon, Ill., Dec. 27.—Harry Somers, a member of one of the oldest families in this county, was shot dead in a gambling house here by Doc Marcum, a farmer, who came here recently from Kentucky. Marcum was pursued by a mob and narrowly escaped lynching. He was protected by the Sheriff, who placed him under arrest and hurried him to Clinton. Marcum says he shot in self-defense. Preparations have been made to resist any attempt on the part of Somers' friends to lynch the prisoner.

Allen B. Rorke Dead.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.—Allen B. Rorke, one of the most prominent business men and politicians in Pennsylvania, is dead.

He was a builder and contractor and erected many of the biggest buildings in this city, including the new mint. He had been a National Republican Committeeman many years. He was

Col. Hoffman Succeeds Andrews.

Albany, Dec. 27.—The Governor has appointed Col. Edward Morris Hoffman of Elmira, now inspector of small arms and equipment in the National Guard, to be Adjutant-General, to succeed Avery D. Andrews resigned.

Dress. There can be no doubt to the mind of the average reasoning man that the matter of dress exerts influence on the success or failure of the man or woman of to-day. A well and neatly attired man everywhere has the advantage of one who takes no pains with his apparel and whose clothes might be shed annually like the skin of the snake if it were not for the inviolable customs of the age. It is a fact, perhaps lamentable, but nevertheless patent, that a business man prefers dealing with another who is attractively dressed whose face is clean shaven and who is in the habit of wearing clean collars, to his brother with whom dress is less than a secondary consideration, and who contents himself with the reflection that "handsome is as handsome does."

There are a great many men who decry this tendency to personal adornment in others, and whose lips take a scornful curve when they refer to the "dude" or his frivolous sister. Is it a crime or a fault to accustom personal beauty, or neutralize the effect of natural homeliness by tastefulness of apparel? Is there any reason to censure the man who wears lighter-colored or some more fashionably shaped garments than ours because we prefer for ourselves the more sombre and conventional garments? To be sure, there is a distinction between the man who dresses for love of dress and the one who does so from principle or from business reasons. But it is a distinction with which the average critic of the well-dressed man seldom bothers himself. We are always taught to look at the brightest side of life. Then why ridicule those little niceties of dress which certainly please the eye, and which much more certainly give a man a feeling of self-possession and satisfaction which, too, is far removed from the ever-to-be-condemned fault of conceit or dandyism. But if we begin with the little niceties, where shall we end? After all, custom must be the judge.

Living on Ruins.

Tourists of all nations spend every year something like \$65,000,000, or nearly \$200,000 a day, in Italy. Considering the poverty of the country, the crop which is produced by the national ruins is of far more value than any other source of revenue. Every new house or building is a nail in the national coffin and the fall of a crumbling column is one minute gone from the national life. This is the reason of the government's recent decision to pass a bill making it illegal to build a new house or redecorate an old one, within its limits. In the outlying farms the bottling and marketing of honey is a common industry.

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Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to:

Frank Jones Brewing Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

at Newfield Bottling Co., Newfield, N. H.

and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, plus 4¢ quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders
Are Without a Rival.
ANNUAL SALES OVER 6,000,000 BOXES.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all druggists.

Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Suggs' all descriptions, Milk W. ons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Stn. Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.
Don't drop around and look them, if you want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable - Fleet Street

COAL AND WOOD.

O. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

1010 DE. ST. and Water St.,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order all cemetery lots, and to erect and place any of the corner stones of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will give careful attention to the turfing and grading of lots, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Lotm and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of B. and W. streets, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Hain (successor to S. N. Fletcher) 60 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

J. M. GREENE

PENNYROYAL PILLS
Calveshead, English Druggist, London.
Original and Only Genuine.
This is a powerful medicine for the cure of all diseases of the female system, such as irregularities of the monthly periods, pain in the back and loins, headache, dizziness, nervousness, and all other ailments of the female system. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

ILES
For Sale by George Hill, Druggist.

Drink Only The Purest.

Ky. Taylor
WHISKY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by 11. None genuine without our signature in both labels. For consumption, indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

Introduction
The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products: when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of



THE MAN WHO IS MAKING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Joseph Chamberlain, England's Colonial Secretary, who refused to discuss the Boer ultimatum, which action made war the only alternative.

GALLINGER HEARING BEGUN.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 27.—The grand jury of the United States circuit court began its session here at eleven o'clock today to consider the charge against United States Senator Jacob E. Gallinger, for alleged violation of the civil service laws forbidding officials soliciting for receiving campaign contributions. United States District Attorney Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua will conduct the case in the jury room. George E. Wales of Washington, D. C., was present through request by District Attorney Hamblett, with original papers bearing on the case as it was dealt with by the United States civil service commission of which Wales is a member. Some of the witnesses summoned were among those that appeared at the summer civil service hearing in this city. Several who refused to present themselves last summer must necessarily respond now to legal command. The only witness of special note is Jonathan B. Rand of Rye, who was connected with the famous check for \$100, alleged to have been drawn by Senator Gallinger's handwriting and claimed to have been intended for campaign purposes. This is the check which Mr. Rand dropped on the street and was picked up, photographed and reproduced in a state democratic newspaper. Among the witnesses in the case were: Ex-Gov. Charles A. Busiel of Laconia, Postmaster Frank Gilm of Laconia, Postmaster John Welch of Dover, Postmaster Ossian D. Knox of Manchester, Postmaster John A. Spalding of Nashua, Collector of Internal Revenue James Wood and Collector of Customs Rufus Elwell of Portsmouth, Naval Officer James O. Lyford of Boston, Bank Examiner Edward Curran of Warner, Postmaster Henry Robinson, Thomas Clifford, Ira C. Evans, Edward N. Parsons and William F. Thayer of Concord. Following is a list of the jurors before whom the case was presented: J. Frank Farnum, Union; Charles E. Walker, North Barnstead; Orville S. Rogers, Keene; A. K. Smith, Newport; C. H. Sherman, Northwood; Albert E. Fish, Keene; Franklin Worcester, Hollis; Frank E. Wallace, Rochester; Chas. B. Hoyt, Portsmouth; William C. Leonard, New London; Hugh D. Wilkins, Littleton; George H. Yeaton, Rollinsford; Will S. Day, Exeter; J. E. Russell, Barnstead; Charles C. Nutter, Concord; Edward W. Fowler, Suncook; John Greenfield, Rochester; Hiram A. Tuttle, Pittsfield; Andrew Rollins, Rollinsford; John E. Hunkler, Farmington; Merton L. Weed, Dunbarton; Fred L. Plummer, Concord.

PROSPECTIVE WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 27.—The City of London arrived here today from the Orient with news of the prospective

war between Russia and Japan. Their officers say that all Japan now believes that hostilities will break out between these two nations in the spring. Before the steamer left Japan the kingdom was buying up great quantities of rice and was even making arrangements for transports to make a demonstration in Korea. Great activity prevails on all sides in Japan naval circles. A Shanghai report says that Russia has dispatched three warships to Misampo, the bone of contention which is now causing the strained relations between the two nations.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

BERLIN, Dec. 27.—A horrible wholesale murder has just been committed in Osek, Poland. Nine members of the family of a wealthy landed proprietor named Kowalski were killed after frightful torture. There is no clue to the murderers.

SHELLING AT CHIEVELEY.

CHIEVELEY CAMP, NATAL, Dec. 27.—The naval guns began to shell the Boer camp at five A. M. and kept at it for two hours. Since the battle of Colenso the Boers have been steadily improving their entrenchments. The garrison at Ladysmith was also busy this morning, shelling the Boers from the mountains. The sound of the shelling could be heard plainly here, and the bursting shells were visible.

NEWS FROM NATAL.

CHIEVELEY CAMP, NATAL, Dec. 27.—Although the two armies are in sight and the thermometer shows 102 degrees, the British forces enjoyed Christmas cheer. Two companies of the Light Horse, who went out to inspect the patrols in the eastern hills, have not returned. Their horses have come back riderless.

RIFLE WENT OFF.

ROCHESTER, N. H., Dec. 27.—A loaded rifle, shipped from Grobana by the E. B. Hanscom Express company, went off here today while being transferred at the Union station. There was much excitement among the crowd of people there. The bullet grazed the clothing of an expressman. The company will institute a careful investigation of the matter.

INSURGENTS ROUTED.

MANILA, Dec. 27.—Colonel Lockett, with 2500 men, thoroughly routed a strong force of the insurgents at Montalban and the American loss was only four wounded. The Philippine loss was large. The enemy was driven into the mountains. They are supposed to have been the force that was engaged at San Mateo, when General Lawton was killed.

RACE RIOT.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 27.—A special from Columbia, S. C., says. News has been received here of a race riot at Ridgeland, in which two negroes and a white man were killed, and several others wounded.

LEASE RATIFIED.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—The stockholders of the Boston & Albany railroad today ratified the lease of the road to the New York Central. The vote stood 186,652 to 15,971.

NATIVES RECEIVING RELIEF.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—The viceroy of India wires that there has been no increase of rain and that 2,451,000 natives who are in want are receiving relief.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Forecast for New England: Snow Thursday and probably Friday, light to fresh variable winds.

A little more weather like this will bring solid skating.

A REMINISCENCE.

New Year's Day and the Doctor at Blue Ridge.

"Speaking of New Year's," said the Nevada, "I always call to mind this time of year the blow-off we boys gave a young doctor chap who came up to Blue Ridge just at the time that camp was the liveliest. Which I might add that though the days of the Ridge was few in the land, as the Book says, while it did last there was no camp on the Pacific Slope from Puget Sound to the Rio Grande that could furnish so much fun in a week as transpired in Blue Ridge every twenty-four hours. But the sport didn't need any medicine. It was not, as you might say, a sickly neighborhood, which it seems peculiar to remark, seeing as how we had the most likely looking graveyard, considering age and population, as you could find in all the Sierras. But the camp as populated the graveyard was mostly a lively and healthy lot up to and inclusive of the moment of their demise.

"That's what the boys were speaking of when the doctor came into camp. "Long Bill remarked to me that the boys who was hurt ought to make an effort to last until the doctor could arrive, which would give him a legal claim on any dust they might leave. He was just the kind of chap for the camp. If it had been that there was any trade for him, for he was quiet.



(They all called on the Doctor.)

nervy, had more book learning than the editor and was cheerful and obliging, especially obliging, for he preached a beautiful sermon over the late dealer at the faro bank, though the said dealer had died of his wounds before the doctor arrived.

"Some said as how we ought to send down in the valley, where they was all shaking eternally with malaria and import a bunch of the shakers for Doc to practice on and pay him as much for the clean-up. He laughed when we proposed this and said it would be unprofessional, because he knew the party as had the practice in the valley. "Then we proposed that hereafter any party dying of his wounds before the Doc could arrive, the said party's effects should be levied upon for a fee to be paid to Doc. All the boys agreed to that and we got so worked up over the prospect that a disagreement resulted, which ended in a sudden death, but we cheerfully sent for the Doc just the same.

"Well he came, and when he saw the state of the case he said as he wasn't an undertaker he couldn't be of any service.

"Then we told him of the new rule, and offered him the pile of the deceased, which was in a canvas sack behind the bar. He wouldn't take it, not even a sample for essay, and the disappointment of the boys was sad to see, especially the shotgun messenger whose intentions had done honor to his heart and aim.

"It was a few days before New Year's that Doc showed us a price in a San Francisco paper, which was a kind of location notice, stating that our Doc was going to be married to a lady in that city. That sets us thinking, and we thought harder than ever when the Doc tells us that he was going to leave us on New Year's Day to take up his practice in San Francisco. We held a meeting and discussed the state of affairs, having a pretty good idea of how the land lay financially with Doc because his money was on deposit with the express agent and he was chairman of our meeting.

"Well at that meeting we laid out a plan that worked as slick as a diamond drill. On the day before New Year's Doc was sent for by Long Bill, who told him his old rheumatism was working again like a forty stamp quartz mill. Doc prescribed and when Bill asked him what was the ante Doc said it would be \$5. Bill said he'd hand it to him when he bid him goodbye at the stage office next day. Then I sent for Doc and said that old bullet wound in my leg was on strike again, took my prescription and promised to pay next day.

"I don't suppose any doctor in the world ever had as busy a day as ours did that day. It seemed like every man in camp was sick. There was trouble about noon because the boys ran out of names of diseases, but I went up to the doctor's office and copied out a lot of names from one of his books, and then we kept things booming. Some of the younger boys got stuck on the names of sicknesses I dealt out to them to make a noise from and played the whole deck, which seemed to puzzle the Doc somewhat.

"Well the next day we met and marched around to the stage about starting time, and there was Doc, looking a bit worried, but he looked a lot more surprised when he saw all his patients so callish.

"We gave him a send-off and an envelope. "Did you remember what was in the envelope?" I disremember the odd dollars, but it was enough over five thousand to leave him that clear after he had paid his expenses down to the day."—Edward W. Townsend.

New Year's Dinner.

Oyster Soup.
Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce.
Escaloped Oysters.
Roast Turkey. Chestnut Stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce.
Escaloped Salad. Pumpkin Pie.
Ice Cream.
American Cheese.
Cakes. Fruit. Coffee.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Trouble

is at the roots. Clipping the ends of the hair is liketreating the branches of a tree with rotten roots. You must strike at the source.

Seven Sutherland Sisters' preparations strike deep. They invigorate the roots—feed them. This gives life, beauty—grace to the hair. Everyone should use them.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

OLD FURNITURE

Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street, Near Market.

MY FALL AND WINTER SAMPLES

Have Arrived

AND ARE READY FOR INSPECTION.

YOU CAN GET SUITS FROM \$15.00 and UP

" " " PANTS FROM \$4.00 and UP

Try Us For Your Next Suit.

Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing Done At Reasonable Prices.

O'LEARY THE TAILOR

5 Bridge Street.

OLIVER W. HAM.

SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER,

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side of

trance, No. 2 Hanover Street and

at residence, Cor. New Vaughr

Street and Raynes' Ave.

Telephone 59-2.

BUY ONLY THE BEST

OLD CO. LEHIGH

-COAL-

FOR YOUR FURNACE OR

STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at

187 MARKET ST.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE

11 Market St. Telephone 2-4

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, No. 4, K. G. L.

Meets at Hall, Petros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. P.; E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, T. C.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, No. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every other Thursday.

Officers—Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur Woodsum, V. C.; Thomas D. Spencey Jr., Ex-C.; James E. Harrold, Sr., Ex-C.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, P. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P. Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, No. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SENATE, No. 602, K. A. E. O.

Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H. Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E. Harrold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell; Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

8% PER ANNUM FROM THE START.

The Federal Oil Co.,

OPERATING UNDER THE LAWS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Wells in Ohio and West Virginia.

Capital Stock \$1,500,000 in Shares of \$5.00 Each.

The Company's properties consist of several thousand acres of TESTED OIL PROPERTY in Ohio and West Virginia, having a monthly production of nearly 10,000 barrels. It is now negotiating for a number of oil wells, which when secured will give them a

Monthly Yield of about 30,000 Barrels;

which will more than double the net profits of the Company applicable for dividends.

COPY OF BUCKEYE PIPE LINE COMPANY'S STATEMENT.

CHARLES A. POST, Treasurer, etc. CLEVELAND, August 23rd, 1899.

DEAR SIR:—Confirming my telegram of this A. M., I beg to say that your Company had run for the credit during April 5,142.64 barrels, May 5,529.36 barrels, June 5,065.13 barrels, July 5,049.46 barrels. There appears to be one run made in July not credited to your account until August, owing to absence of Division order.

Therefore, if you desire to be more accurate you should add 146.98 to the amount of that run to the credit during July, making the total for the month 5,196.39 barrels. Yours truly, R. L. BATES, Agent.

The above statement refers only to our Ohio field, the balance of the pipe-line certificates can be seen at the Company's office, showing the West Virginia returns. The total average of oil territory under negotiations aggregates 25,000 acres of land distributed throughout the well known "oil producing fields" of Ohio and West Virginia.

Net Earnings, \$225,000 Per Annum.

With the price of oil increasing almost daily the net earnings of the Company during the next year, should not fall short of \$225,000.

For the rapid development of the Company's property, the officers have decided to sell Fifty Thousand (50,000) Shares of the Treasury Stock at par, \$5.00, after which the price will be advanced without notice.

Subscriptions may be sent to

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE COMPANY, 17 Milk St., Boston.

OR FEDERAL OIL COMPANY, 17 Milk St., Boston.

WRITE OR CALL FOR PROSPECTUS.

For a Stylish Hitchout

Go to

C. E. Dempsey's Stable,

Dear Street,

Or call him by telephone 18-3

and he will send any team

you want to your door.

Choice Horses,

Well Equipped Carriage

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

has been on the market for the past fifty

years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other

Public Works,

and has received the commendation of Engi-

neers, Architects and Consumers generally.

Persons wanting cement should not be

deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN E. BROUGHTON

CLARK'S CASE A PROBLEM

Senators Seem to Doubt Montana's Political Honor.

THE MAN'S VAST WEALTH

Said to Have the Largest Income of Any Man in America, and Why Should He Not be in the Senate?—Action of the Montana Supreme Court—Big Sum to Buy an Office.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—Inter est in the Clark contest has been revived by the action of the Montana Supreme Court in disbaring Attorney Wellcome, who is charged with having offered bribes in the interest of Senator Clark, but it is well to keep in sight the claim of the Clark men that the famous \$30,000 on which the bribery charges are based was put up by political opponents. To the ordinary man, \$30,000 is a good big sum, but to men like those engaged in Montana politics it is apparently no more than the ordinary man's weekly income. There is a disposition among members of the senate to look upon the action of the Montana Supreme Court as only a part of the fight on Clark. That disposition implies the possession on the part of senators of a rather dubious opinion of the Supreme Court of Montana. Whether this is in any way justified nobody here seems able to say. But all of the senators who have looked into the case seem to be willing to believe anything at all about Montana. The political conditions out there are not regarded with any degree of admiration. There has been much rottenness of one kind or another, and senators who will say nothing in criticism of the local Supreme Court are still willing to believe any and all things possible.

Tre Clarke case will come up before the committee in two or three weeks, and the whole condition of affairs out there will be ventilated. This will serve to again draw the attention of the country to the personality of Senator Clark, who is the unique figure of his generation. A resident of New York in a sense, largely interested in business enterprises of the metropolis, he holds a senatorship from the state which has been the scene of his great sagacity. A common miner at the beginning he is now one of America's acknowledged connoisseurs of the world's mines, the finest galleries in the country. A copper king, he has operated successfully in gold, silver and lead. He has built and owns railroads, he has promoted and owns whole towns in the West; has manufactured sugar from beets; has mined coal, grown tobacco, sugar cane, rubber, coffee and cotton. He is a banker and a stock grower, and he has succeeded in everything.

In Mrs. Langtry's play, "The Degenerates" there is a man whose touch means gold. He can't help winning at every game he plays. Senator Clark seems to be that sort of man. From one piece of property alone he has an income of \$300,000 a year. That is the United Verde Copper Mine, which, on the basis of its income, has been figured out to be worth \$370,000,000. Mr. Clark, it is declared, has a larger cash income than any other man in America. He is not unlike the late Senator Bruce in looks—short, with small beard and curly hair, wears the characteristic in his coat, and has the same secretary to look after his political interests.

BRACED BY STIMULANTS.

Molnoux's Nerves Are Stronger—The Trial Proceeds.

New York, Dec. 27.—Recruited by stimulants and special training, ordered by Recorder Goff, Molnoux's nerves were visibly stronger to-day. The chance of the trial being interrupted by a breakdown is for the present averted.

Strangely enough, two of the handwriting experts placed on the stand by the State declared that they discovered in the handwriting of the prisoner the characteristics which would indicate a collapse in the face of the terrible strain to which he has been submitted for six weeks.

Kinsley asserts that he found a marked nerve tremor in the lines traced by Molnoux's pen—like that which told in the prosecution of Dr. S. J. Kennedy for the murder of Dolly Reynolds.

In a letter written by Molnoux on the day after Mrs. Adams died, Expert Kinsley says that he found the same signs of deep mental agitation. The other expert in the Molnoux trial who read collapse in the prisoner's pen strokes is the man whose examination is resumed to-day, Henry L. Tolman, of Chicago. In the rapid diminution of the size of the letters, starting with large initials, he read a weakness of will, sometimes seeing two spasms of renewed energy—two renewals of the will force before a word was completed.

This evidence, as it was being delivered, had a visible effect upon Molnoux.

Attacked by a Ram.

East Hampton, Conn., Dec. 27.—Mrs. Jane Willard, of Clark's Hill, was attacked by a vicious ram. He butted her and knocked her down. Four times she arose; four times the ram butted her down. Mrs. Willard, who is a septuagenarian, was almost exhausted when her shrieks brought Miss Ackley, a nimble-witted girl, who stripped off her apron and dashed it in the ram's face. While the brute was destroying it Miss Ackley helped Mrs. Willard over a fence to safety.

Roasted in a Furnace.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 27.—Julius Leonard, a homeless colored man, was found roasted to death to-day in a furnace of Wright's Lime Kiln. He went to sleep on a bed of oyster shells on top of the kiln. The shells gradually disappeared into the kiln and Leonard went with them. It is believed that he was stupefied by the gases which arose from the kiln and that he was unconscious when he dropped into the furnace.

GEORGIE'S STORY.

He Tells How Paw Learned to Doctor the Baby.

"I Like to no," says Paw, "How the head of a Family Kirt ern a Live in the Day time if He Don't get no Rest at Night. Here I am paying fifteen Dollars a Week for a nurse what Don't seem to no Enny more about a Baby than me and Not Haft as much Becoz I had two Before this one. It's a Blame swindler, all this trained Nurse bizness they go into in the sitty. Look at our Muthers Out in the country. They Didn't Haft to have no Frills like these when the Family was Gittin so Big they Had to add a naddishen onto the house Every year er so. But you Got to have a trained nurse now er they won't Let you in Society enny more Than of you Done your own Housework and Didn't go round tellin' Folks it was Becoz you advertized at times for a Hired Girl and never got a nanser."

The nurse Told paw he wasn't Fit to be a father, and he was agin to Talk Back, only Little Albert, throwed a Tooth Brush at the pup and nocked a Hole thru one of the Windows, so they drop the Subject.

After Breakfast an Fanny come in, and when she Herd about the Baby being sick she says:

"You must stop given it that kind of food rite, it's ailed my little Florene was borned she had the same kind of Trubble, so I fed her condensed milk and she cum thru all rite."

Purty soon Mrs. Rawson and Mrs. Pond come in.

"My good nurse," Mrs. Rawson said when paw Told Her about the Condensed milk; "Don't give her That. It would Kill the poor little Thing. I always Bring my Babies up on Stunley's ores water and They never Give me a Bit of Trubble."

"I wouldn't Dare to give no child of mine that kind of stuff," Mrs. Pond Told paw. "You mite as well feed it Green Cucumbers and be Done with it. They ain't nothink like Malted milk for a Baby with the Colick, and if that nurse Had onny cents she would of knowed it at the start."

They was about Half a Dozen other Ladies Come while paw was Thinkin about it to tell Him what of to be Done, and nearly all of them sed they Had the Best Doctor on erth and paw of to change Before it was too Late or he wouldn't Have no luck with the Child.

After they all Got thru paw went to the Basket where the Baby was Sleepin as peaceful as a Lam, and looked at it a Long time, and then He went out in the Hall, and got Little Albert's drum and Begin to pound it and Jump up and down and Sing git Your munny, Y' Muthers.

Purty soon After that the Doctor come, and Him and the Nurse sneaked up Behind and the Furst thing paw new the Doctor was Holdin his arms fast to His sides and tryin to push Him into a closet where they wanted to Lock him up.

Here, confound it," paw HOLLERED, "what are you tryin to do?"

"Be Cam," the Doctor Told Him. "We are your friends, we are Goin to purtect you. It's all rite."

"No, it ain't," paw HOLLERED. "You may think it is, But I can't Payin You three dollars a Visit to Come Here and Try to play Horse with me."

By that time The Doctor seen paw wasnt Cryin he let go and said he ment by makin Such a Racket.

"I was tryin to keep the Baby awake in the Day time so it would Give a purson a Chanct to sleep a Little at nite," paw Told him.

"Then I Take it All Back," the Doctor sed. "I took the Wimmen what are always Cummin in and Tellen what to do with the Babies was the Worst fools on earth. But they ain't." GEORGIE.

—In Chicago Times-Herald.

An Extinguisher.

Thump, thump! Rattle, rattle, crash! Thump, thump, rattle, rattle, roll! down the steps of the palatial residence of Mr. Goldbonds.

Mr. Goldbonds returned to the house, rolling down his sleeves.

"Papa, oh, papa, what have you been doing?"

This question came in anguished tones from the ruby lips of Arabella Goldbonds.

"By putting out the light of your life," answered papa, who had done a little eaves-dropping in the hall the night before.—Baltimore American.

Natural Results.

"I understand that many of the volunteers in the Philippine Islands are getting married," said Cawker.

"It would not be strange if some marriages followed so many engagements," added Cumso.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Be Disputed.

Hoax—There goes a woman whose husband has had one foot in the grave for many years.

Hoax—Why, I thought he was dead.

Hoax—So he is, but he was a one-legged man.—Philadelphia Record.

An Early Attraction.

Overheard in the Garden of Eden—Adam—Where's your mother? I'm getting tired of waiting for my supper.

Little Cain—She went out about four hours ago, and said there was a bargain sale at the fig-leaf counter.—Philadelphia Record.

Trop de Zele.

Proprietor (to editor)—Well, the first number of our new paper looked well, but here is one thing I don't like.

"What?"

"Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'—Culler's Weekly.

Well Recommended.

He—So Miss Prettyface really married old Moneybags! Whatever induced her to do it?

She—She found out from his doctor that he positively has incurable heart disease.—New York World.

A Leisure Class Ornament.

"What a petted art your cat has, Mrs. Blimber."

"Yes, she used to catch mice—think of it! But we've fed her so well that she quit."—Indianapolis Journal.

Safe.

"Disgraceful! I should think society would turn him down."

"No danger of that. He's one of the 'high lights.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Matter of Fear.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Hartford, Conn., knows now what a good many Americans are afraid of—or used to be afraid of when they were children. He asked them, for purpose of scientific investigation, and they told him. His first circular letter of inquiry brought answers from 4,701 persons, mostly under 23 years of age, and others were heard from later. He summed up the result for the American Journal of Psychology and the government has now published his paper, along with twenty or thirty other papers, in a bulky pamphlet, entitled "Experimental Study of Children."

Of Dr. Hall's 1,701 young Americans 603 had—or used to have—a fear of thunder and lightning, 143 of any high winds, 67 of cyclones, 44 of queer-shaped clouds, 34 of shooting stars, 23 of northern lights, 18 of comets, 16 of fog, 14 of storms, any kind; 14 of eclipses, 10 of very hot weather and 8 of very cold weather.

Snakes are—or used to be—an object of terror to 482, wild animals to 206, bulls, horses, etc., to 268; spiders, wasps, etc., to 203; rats and mice to 196, dogs and cats to 79, hawks, owls, etc., to 51. Fifty-seven are—or were—afraid of death by drowning, 205 afraid of the water on general principles, 365 afraid of fire and 436 of any strange persons, while 153 confess to a haunting nervousness on the subject of robbers.

Dr. Hall heard from 516 boys and 671 girls. The boys confessed to 1,551 distinct fears all told, the girls to 3,101 fears. The fears of the boys, according to Dr. Hall's data, increase in number from 7 years of age to 15, then they fall off.

The doctor remarks that the dread of being kidnapped, of blood, of cloud shapes, of shooting stars and of the end of the world seems to grow less as the boys and girls grow up, but the dread of thunderstorms, reptiles, robbers, machinery and self-consciousness seems to increase. He remarks further that "many infantile fears remain through life, and it's so."

A Hat Trust.

Representatives of several wealthy capitalists are preparing for the control of the hat industry of Danbury, Conn. Within two months numerous conferences have been held between the agents of the syndicate and the principal manufacturers, and it is understood that an understanding has been reached.

The strictest secrecy has been maintained regarding the identity of the men who will make up the syndicate, although it has leaked out that John Marshall, of Fall River is slated for manager of the syndicate.

Danbury is the New England hat-making centre. More fur hats are made there than in any other city of its size in the world. Employment is given about 5,000 hands at this industry.

Owing to the rigorous demands of the Hatters' Union, which is admittedly one of the strongest labor organizations in the country, the manufacturers are kept in a constant turmoil, and the endeavor to sell out to a syndicate is thought to have the secret support of some of the leading manufacturers, whose interest no doubt will be amply protected when the change in ownership takes place.

It is admitted that the syndicate is willing to spend \$15,000,000 to acquire control of the industry.

Shaking Hands.

The handclasp is vanishing. Men and women do not shake hands as often as they did. The custom is said to have had its origin in the desire of savages upon meeting to show each other that they were without weapons. And in the opinion of many it is a relic of savagery in every sense of the word. Physicians have inveighed against it lately, declaring that the handshake is responsible for the spread of disease. In this attack they at least practice what they preach, says the Chicago Tribune, and the carefulness in which a surgeon prepares his hands and surgical instruments before and after an operation is evidence that the danger is a real one. Handshaking is the only contact of flesh that takes place between ordinary acquaintances, and hence it must be the only means by which many cases of disease could have been spread.

A "Sphere" in China.

It has several times recently been alleged in foreign countries that the United States had been formally offered by the interesting parties, and had positively declined, a sphere of influence in China. It has been positively stated, however, that our government has quietly insisted on conditions which would give us advantageous access to Chinese trade. As an assurance that our commercial interests in the Celestial Empire would be safely guarded Germany is credited with having given assurance for making Kinchou a free port for American traffic. Many European statesmen regard this expected assumption of a place in Chinese commerce by the United States as a matter of far-reaching importance in the politics of the world.

The End of the Guillotine.

Perhaps the most famous instrument of death used for the execution of capital sentences is the French guillotine, and this horrible engine is no doubt entitled to the additional distinction of having slain more people than any other instrumentally, outside of military equipment, whose aim is slaughter. But the guillotine, it is said, is becoming odious to the better class of Frenchmen, and it is destined to soon disappear. The laws authorizing its use require that all executions be public, and the enemies of the guillotine oppose any change in this feature of the law, for the reason that they believe that the exercise of its functions in public will the sooner end its career. The world moves.

Conservative Old Age.

Age, says Thomas B. Reed, is a great conservative element. With age men have acquired also wealth and standing and influence in the community. Age, accompanied by wealth, is almost always listened to with respect by the young, and a willingness to grapple with new thoughts. When Harvey proclaimed the discovery of the circulation of the blood no physician over 50 ever became a convert. They all of them died in their ignorance.

Robert B. Jennings.

Robert B. Jennings, was held up on a street car near the corner of Washington avenue and Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 30, and robbed of \$1,043 in cash and \$13,247 in negotiable paper.

Harry Wallace struck and instantly killed his wife with a hammer at their home near Deakinsville, Del., after which he fled. The couple had not been living happily for some time.

MONTÉ CARLO'S TERRORS

A Suicide Table Where Scores Have Despaired.

SOME MAD GAMBLERS.

A Bridal Couple's Tragedy—Suicides Know Their Fate—Few Try to Escape Their Goal—Incidents of the World's Most Famous Gambling Rooms.

To the right of the Moorish salon, the second from the entrance in the great gambling rooms of Monte Carlo, stands the suicide table.

This accursed piece of furniture has a record of causing 113 suicides in ten years, according to the count kept by C. Benveniste, formerly chief of the detectives in this room.

Even the chairs of this table differ in the intensity of their hoodooed state. The chair to the left of the croupier facing the entrance door has claimed seventeen victims. The twenty-third chair accommodated eleven suicides, six women and five men. The others have records of eight, five, four, three and one death.

One day five years ago, writes M. Benveniste in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, my neighbor at the table was a young Parisian. He sat in one of the one-death chairs, and won. When the doors closed he carried off 200,000 francs.

Imagine my anticipations when next morning I found him installed to the left of the croupier. I felt like tearing him away or slipping a card into his hand to turn him against the seat he had chosen, but my official character forbade me to interfere, and, besides, my advice would have been scorned, for the fellow gambled like one mad. He lost his winnings of the day before and 200,000 francs of his own money. When his last 1,000 franc note was gone he rose, and swaying to and fro like a drunkard, stumbled out of the hall, leaving me dumbfounded.

Two of my neighbors had a merry chase for this unfortunate, and when they caught up with him he jumped off the railway bridge, knocking out his brains.

Another case that haunts my dreams! One day an elderly gentleman, Signor Antonio Cesare, who knew my connection with the Casino compelled me to give him the seat I was occupying next to the croupier. I did so with a bleeding heart, for the old man was the very picture of health, and I was an intimate friend of his cousin, the Mayor of Ventimiglia.

Well, this gentleman lost nearly a hundred thousand francs in the day and evening. When he got up, his own mother wouldn't have known him. He looked like a ghost, his flesh had fallen away; madness stared out of his eyes. Next day they fished his body from the lake at Mentone.

Then there were the Parlingtons, refined English people. They were on their wedding trip. I never forgot the look of delight with which young Mrs. Parlington pocketed her first small gain. The pretty bride fairly coaxed her husband to stake 10 francs.

When night came they had a couple of thousand francs in their pockets. Next morning they took chairs Nos. 23 and 24. No. 23 brought them the usual luck. They gained 20,000 francs. But on the following day came the inevitable change. The 30,000 francs went back to us, and the couple's little fortune followed. They walked from the room deathly pale, hand in hand.

My detectives informed me that they took the train for Nice without troubling about their baggage. They shot and killed themselves in the Windsor Hotel there. Everybody can see that the cloth on the suicide table is of more recent make than the rest. Yet the Casino company is only 318 francs the poorer on that account.

Here are the figures: Cloth for double table, 250 francs, painting of yellow figures, 50 francs; nailing down, 18 francs; total, 318 francs.

Against these figures there is an offset of 600 francs, which the Casino company would have been obliged to pay to the Russian for traveling expenses. The Muscovite Prince refused to become a pensioner of M. Blanc's heirs, and blew out his brains over the table where he had dropped his all.—400,000 francs.

It happened two years ago, and it nearly cost me my job. The circumstances that one of the directors of the company drew me into a corner to talk about the Russian's persistent refusal to just a minute before the shot rang out—that alone saved me from disgrace.

The incident itself was soon forgotten and had no bearing on the game. It has nothing to do with the superstitions attaching to the suicide table. The ill reputation of that piece of furniture was of many years' standing when the Russian committed his flagrant breach of Casino etiquette. He was No. 85 on my list of unfortunates.

When I saw a man or woman approach the suicide table, my first care was to prevent him or her from spoiling more cloth. I signalled my men to press around the party, and prevent him or her from putting a hand in the pocket or from stirring the croupier.

Many desperate cases I approached as a fellow gambler, offering to assist them and pay their homeward journey. I dare say my intervention—which cost me nothing, as the company recouped me—has saved many a poor devil's life.

Whether suicide candidates have a foreboding of evil when they come to our table, I don't know, but a few try to escape their goal. They come flanked by prayers or holding a piece of hangman's rope. Others try to insure their fortune by paying the croupier 100 francs before the day's work begins. Of course he accepts the bribe. He isn't tampering with his employer's profits.

Robert B. Jennings, was held up on a street car near the corner of Washington avenue and Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 30, and robbed of \$1,043 in cash and \$13,247 in negotiable paper.

Harry Wallace struck and instantly killed his wife with a hammer at their home near Deakinsville, Del., after which he fled. The couple had not been living happily for some time.

FARMERS IN MEXICO.

Primitive Methods Employed in the Domain of Diet.

Mexican Farming Is Widely Different from that in the United States.

From that in the United States. Irrigation is necessary in the greater portion of this country, and on account of the scarcity of water, a large extent of land cannot be utilized. When the owner of land is sufficient water for the purpose indicated he holds on to his property and rarely can be induced to sell, as it is of permanent value to him. For the last 300 years large tracts of land have been owned by individuals or families, who have spent heavy sums of money for canals and dams in order to make them productive. On account of this and the attending expense of irrigation there are few small farmers in Mexico than there are in the United States. Until recently farming in Mexico has been on the primitive order, but the Mexican is expert in irrigation, and if he can get the water his land becomes fertile and yields generously. During the last two decades decided improvements have been accomplished through the use of modern implements introduced in farming in Mexico. The increase in production corresponds to the improvements in farming apparatus. The great railroads of the country have been important factors in this advance, enabling farmers with a surplus of production to ship to those less fortunate.

The cost of labor is from 25 to 50 cents (15 to 24 cents in United States currency) per day, depending on the locality. There are two crops of corn a season, upon which the farmer averages \$50 (\$24.50) per acre grass.

Cattle raising is and has always been a profitable business in Mexico, consequent upon cheap labor, low taxes and the large tracts of cheap land which are suitable for grazing only. Until recently no attempt has been made to improve the stock, but certain large cattlemen have now undertaken to do this and steady improvement is certain henceforth. The demand created during the late war with Spain and the high prices which obtained in the United States increased the price of cattle to such an extent that the northern portion of the country has become depopulated of its stock, which it is said, will take several years to replenish. This means a continuance of high prices in cattle in that quarter. Dairy farming in the neighborhood of large cities is lucrative, milk selling at 50 cents (21 cents) per gallon and butter at 75 cents to \$1 (35 cents to 48 cents) per pound. These prices in this business make money rapidly.

Fruit and vegetable farming is beginning to attract attention. Formerly this amounted to simply enough for the home market. Now an effort will be made to supply the United States with early fruits and vegetables. The movement is in its infancy, but it is destined to grow into large proportions. Oranges, lemons, tomatoes, beans, etc., are produced in Mexico from four to eight weeks earlier than in the United States. Hence this will be a profitable business in the near future. Wheat is cultivated in the high tablelands of central Mexico and is fairly profitable. It is not the quality of that grown in the United States, either in quantity per acre or quality. Para and Bermuda grass give pasturage in many sections of the country. They are said to be equal to any in the world.

Parts of the country are adapted to the growth of tropical products, viz., coffee, vanilla, rubber, coconut, etc., the quality of all being first class. It is said the best vanilla in the world comes from the state of Vera Cruz and the best cocoa from the state of Chiapas. The coffee of Michoacan is said to be equal to any; the tobacco of Vera Cruz is preferred by many to that of Havana and the sugar production of southern Tamaulipas or northern Vera Cruz is said to be surpassed by that of no country save Hawaii in quantity, and is more profitable to the producers, for the reason that seven to ten crops are the result of one planting, whereas the Hawaiian planters get only two. Taken as a whole, farming in Mexico is an inviting field for persons of capital and intelligence.

The Old Minister.

"Age has its advantages in the office of the ministry, but it has also very evident disadvantages, and when the balance is struck perhaps a congregation is right in the idea that it is losing and not gaining under the ministry of an old man," writes "Jan Macdonald" in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "For one thing—and it is a very serious one—a minister after a certain age is almost impervious to new ideas. Of course the exact age will vary with different men, and it is dangerous even to hint at it, since the reader would always be able to mention exceptions. These are men to whose minds the new idea can find access at the age of thirty—men of hopeless dullness, who will be an incubus on a congregation all their days and there are men whose minds will be hospitable to the latest ideas at the age of fourscore. With the average man there comes a time when his mind crystallizes and his beliefs become absolutely fixed. He may not represent the discoveries of younger men. He may not oppose new methods of action; he certainly will not adopt them. His preaching may be absolutely as good as it was before, because it will be the same, without any addition of new thought; but it may be bad, comparatively speaking, because it should have much new material."

Macaroni.

Americans, like Italians, seem to know only one method of serving macaroni. This is to prepare it with cheese, and perhaps a seasoning of tomato. There are, however, a dozen combinations of macaroni and various ingredients which are very good. To escallop macaroni and oysters together in alternate layers, with plenty of seasoning, is to have a delicious and substantial dish for luncheon. Tomato sauce, seasoned and strained also, makes a fine escallop with macaroni, especially if a layer of grated cheese be spread on top of the dish and it is well browned just before serving.

An idea of the amount of editorial work involved in the publication of a magazine is gained by the knowledge that the regular staff of editors of the Ladies' Home Journal numbers twenty-two men and women. These do not include the scores of special contributors.

Made Her Young Again

Hair-Health always brings back the natural and beautiful color of youth to gray, faded or bleached hair. Gives new life and growth to thin hair. Prevents dandruff and baldness. Is not a dye, but a hair food, and positively restores gray hair to its youthful color. A healthful hair dressing. Equally good for men and women, and its use cannot be detected.

Hair-Health

Made Mrs. Kate Landwehr young again. LONDON SUPPLY COMPANY, 833 Broadway, N. Y. Since I was 33 years of age my lovely long black hair has been turning gray. I lost a bottle of Hair-Health, but had little hope, as I had tried many alleged restorers and invigorators with no effect. I have been using Hair-Health ever since, like it very much. It has brought the youthful color back and I never use anything else. Respectfully, Mrs. KATE LANDWEHR.

Hair-Health is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Do not see the hair bottle, or sent by express, prepaid, in each sealed package, on receipt of 50c. LONDON SUPPLY CO., 833 Broadway, N. Y. Beware of cheap imitations. "Hair-Health" is the only genuine.

FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling.

-OLD INDIA-PALE ALE-

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is sold by the dozen by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is nut up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co., NEWFIELDS, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 5:50, 6:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:30 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:30, 5:50, 6:30 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Sanbornville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:30, 6:30 p. m.
Dover, 8:30, 11:30 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
Saco, 11:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 1:00, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 6:5 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:40 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 8:50, 9:25 a. m., 4:55, 7

MARK DOWN SALE

JACKETS!

Come Today While There Is
A Good Assortment.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a
complete knowledge of
drugs, but to sell pure
drugs he must know their
adulterations; he must
know just what to look
for. We have that knowl-
edge. We sell pure drugs
and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SICKNESS INSURANCE
Combined With
ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Covering nearly all of the most
serious diseases and every
possible accident. Particulars
at

TOBEY'S
Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street,

The scarcity and continued high
price of Havana tobacco has had no ef-
fect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED
7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.
They have always maintained their
high standard. Strictly hand-made
Sumatra wrapper and long Havana
filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWITT,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's
Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handiest and most
comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

Very Embarrassing.



Boy—You are going to fight against
the English, aren't you, Captain
Brown?
Captain Brown (indignantly)—Fight
the English! What on earth put that
into your head?
Boy—Why Daddy said you were a
horrid Boer!

CITY BRIEFS.

Snow is promised.

Four more days of the present year.
Annual church meetings are now in
order.

There is less apprehension of an ice
famine than there was.

There is sleighing all through the
northern part of the state.

The express employees are not finding
fault that Christmas is over.

Half of the people met on the streets
today had calendars under their arms.

Conner, photographer studio, (for-
merly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress
street.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the
choicest stock and is the best ten cent
cigar in the market.

There were six lodgers at the police
station on Wednesday night and one
deserter from the marine barracks.

Rubber heels become very popular
and John G. Mott is fitting out the local
public with an excellent article

The Dames' annual ball occurs on
Friday evening and promises to eclipse
all previous ones given by the com-
pany.

Farmers predict that the coming
season will be a good one for maple sugar,
providing the worms have not ruined
the orchards.

The Warwick whist team will play
the Owls of the Calumet club on Satur-
day evening next in Manchester for the
state trophy. The Warwick needs only
one more game to take the cup.

The state of New Hampshire and
Dartmouth college trustees are inter-
ested in the Globe National bank of
Boston, defunct, the former to the ex-
tent of ten shares and the latter eight
cent.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL
VESSELS.

Admiral Farragut's flagship, the ar-
mored cruiser New York, left San Do-
mingo City for San Juan on Dec. 23d,
arrived at San Juan on Tuesday and
left there Wednesday for St. Thomas.
Admiral Schley's flagship, the cruiser
Chicago, arrived at Buenos Ayres on
Christmas eve. The gunboat Nashville
sailed from Singapore for Manila on
Tuesday. The training ship Essex left
Gibraltar for Madeira on Dec. 23d. The
training ship Lancaster arrived at Saint
Croix on Dec. 24th. The gunboat
Yankton arrived at Port Antonio on
Wednesday. The naval transport Scud-
da, which will carry a large number of
naval officers, blue-jackets and marines
to Manila, has been placed in com-
mission at the Mare Island navy yard. She
will sail from San Francisco on Jan.
6th.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived Dec. 28.—Barge Tunnel
Ridge, Brown, from Philadelphia with
1420 tons of coal; schooner Lynap P.
Law, Richards, from Newport News
with 1830 tons of coal, both for J. A. &
A. W. Walker.

Reported in the lower harbor Dec.
28.—Steamer William H. Moody,
Knowlton, Rockport, Portsmouth,
stone; steamer Sykons, Taylor, Phila-
delphia, Portland.

The E. A. Mathes returned from
York this morning.

It's the little colds that grow into big
colds; the big colds that end in con-
sumption and death. Watch the little
colds. Dr. Wood's Newway Pine
Syrup.

Flatulence is cured by BEECHAM'S
PILLS.

YORK LARCENY CASE.

Man Said to Have Been Taken to Bid-
deford On Search Warrant.

A rather peculiar case is reported
from York. It appears that on a com-
plaint made by Storer Perkins of Wells,
Constable Goodwin of York searched the
house of Orlando Whipple in that
town recently for alleged stolen prop-
erty. Mr. Whipple and his wife occupied
about a year ago a house in which
were some furnishings which it is
alleged, Perkins afterward purchased
from the owner. The complaint in the
search warrant says that after they
moved away, he missed some of his
property. When Constable Goodwin
made his search he is said to have
found one of the articles mentioned in
the warrant and the article—a curtain—
was identified by the complainant as his
property.

Tuesday afternoon, the parties ap-
peared with the curtain before Judge
Cleaves in the Biddeford municipal
court for a hearing. B. F. Hamilton
representing the complainant and
George F. Haley the respondent. Judge
Cleaves, however, ruled that a warrant
for larceny must be sworn out and
served before a hearing could be held,
so the matter was postponed by agree-
ment between the attorneys until after
the supreme court session.

IDEAL SUNDAY PAPER.

The Boston Sunday Journal has been
able to make arrangements with six
of the most popular modern writers
and during the coming winter Journal
patrons will reap the benefit. From
time to time will appear special stories
and articles by Octave Thanet, Justin
McCarthy, Mary E. Wilkins, Ouida,
Cy Warren and Stephen Crane. These
articles, in connection with the many
other features introduced by the Jour-
nal will surely satisfy the most capri-
cious that the caption "Ideal Sunday
Paper" is not an idle boast of this pro-
gressive paper.

ONE OF THE EINEST.

As already stated, the Chesapeake is
the first sailing vessel to be constructed
for the navy since the sailing sloop of
war Sabine was launched from the New
York navy yard in 1855. The purpose
was to construct a miniature clipper
ship, and Admiral Hishbourn, the chief
constructor, entering with enthusiasm
into the project, succeeded in designing
and turning out what is undoubtedly
one of the prettiest and fleetest sailing
vessels in the world. As he expresses
it, "she is as handy as a pilot boat and
as fleet as a clipper ship."

HAND TERRIBLY CRUSHED.

A man named Penning, an employe
of the stock room at the Portsmouth
Shoe company, met with a frightful
accident while at work this morning.
His left hand was caught under one of
the heavy leather rollers and one of the
fingers was completely crushed off,
while the other fingers on the hand
were badly mangled. After the injuries
had been dressed by a physician, the
man was taken to his home. It was at
first feared that all the fingers on the
hand would have to be amputated.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MIDDLE
STREET CHURCH.

The Sabbath school of the Middle
street Baptist church held its annual
Christmas tree in the chapel on Wed-
nesday evening, Dec. 27th, and a large
company was present. A large number
of gifts were distributed and the little
ones had a gala time. A pleasing en-
tertainment was rendered and in the
distribution of gifts every member of
the school was remembered in some
way.

ANOTHER DESERTER CAP-
TURED.

Police Officer Hurley went to Dover
on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, and re-
turned with Edward Young a deserter
from the marine barracks at this yard.
The officer got on the track of Young,
through the arrest of the quartette who
came down from Dover Tuesday even-
ing, in a hack, in the party being Frank
Hodgkins, another deserter. Both men
will probably receive heavy sentences.

THE JOHN LANGDON CLUB.

The second monthly meeting of the
John Langdon club will be held at the
North church chapel on Middle street,
Tuesday evening, January 2, 1900, at
7.30 o'clock. Rev. C. O. Day of Boston,
secretary of the American Educational
society, will address the club. His sub-
ject will be "Young America." Re-
freshments will be served.

APPOINTED A TRUSTEE.

H. A. Mardon, contractor, has been
appointed trustee of the estate of
George W. Seawall, the contractor and
carpenter, who was recently declared
bankrupt. The appointment was made
today by Judge Clark of the court of
bankruptcy.

AROUND THE CITY.

Although we are considering the
present weather as most unusual for
this time of the year, it is interesting to
note that the temperature a year ago of
this date was eight degrees higher than
it was this morning. It is the absence
of snow thus far this season that is the
unusual feature. It was very frosty,
too, at fourteen degrees above zero.

Next Monday the new telephone
rates in the city will go into effect.
These latest rates are based on a con-
versation period of three minutes, in-
stead of five minutes, as heretofore.
Overtime will be charged by the minute,
or fraction of a minute, above the
regular period. Say what you have got
to say, but say it quick and don't allow
too much back talk. Talk is not al-
ways cheap.

The return of the skating season is
being taken advantage of by crowds of
the young people and as the ice is in
first class condition for the winter
sport, there is a rush for the ponds all
around the city. Crowds were on the
North mill pond Wednesday, although
the ice was said to be dangerously thin.
The low temperature last night removed
all danger today, however. The ele-
gant pond at Clarkson's grove, Kittery
Point was lighted last night for the first
time this season and tonight will be a
very lively place.

There is said to be some complaint over
the manner in which the city teamsters
dump their loads of ashes and other
waste matter at the dump on the mar-
ginal road. Several loads of such
material are said to have been dumped
in the middle of the street at one place
and that there is an appearance of care-
lessness about some of the work there.
This spot could be made one of the
most beautiful places around the city
and ought not to be neglected, at least.

One of the arguments that the collec-
tor of internal revenue here has to make
frequently, is that a special tax for the
sale of liquor is not a license. The re-
cent ruling of the commissioner at
Washington is to this effect: "Persons
who engage in the sale of alcoholic
liquor, even though such a business is a
violation of the law of their state, are
nevertheless required to pay special tax
under the internal revenue laws of the
United States. The stamp however is-
sued to them is not a license, and does
not protect them from prosecution, con-
viction and sentence under the state
law." And the fact that a person so
prosecuted holds a special tax stamp,
may be used as evidence against him,
as indicating probable guilt.

The general use of typewriters in this
city is a matter of considerable interest.
These writing machines are now found
in nearly every office, the banks, in the
schools and in fact almost everywhere
where correspondence is necessary or
much writing is done. They are fur-
nished to nearly all the reporters and
newspaper writers by the editors, who
find that more work and better work
can be performed on a machine than
with a pencil. After a writer has used
a machine for a short time, he would
feel that to go back to the pencil would
be retrogression.

It is said that there is a widespread
feeling that the goal from a touchdown
will be abolished in the football play-
ing rules next year, and local players
say that it ought to be abolished, for
there is too much of an element of luck
in it to be given a place in so scientific
a game.

SURPRISE PARTY.

Miss Christina McDonald, was sur-
prised by a party of friends, to the
number of thirty, on Wednesday even-
ing, Dec. 27th, at her home on Fleet
street. All present proceeded to en-
joy themselves by playing a number of
games, including cards.

Miss MacDonald was again agreeably
surprised, when Mr. Chester Wheeler
in behalf of the friends assembled,
presented to her a gold ring, set with
pearls and turquoise. Miss MacDon-
ald responded in well chosen words.
Miss Eva Pearson rendered some very
fine piano selections, and Miss Olga
Pearson and Mr. Wheeler vocal selec-
tions. Then all proceeded to the re-
freshment tables, where cold meats, as-
sorted cakes, pies, rolls, and coffee
were partaken of.

Those present were: Misses Margaret
McInnis, Olga Pearson, Eva Pearson,
Nellie Coffey, Jennie McDonald, Katie
McDonald, Mary Reagan, Jennie Cam-
eron, Jennie McCarthy, Abbie Kelleher,
Agnes Riley, Mary Mooney, Ida Leary,
Bernice McCourt, Katie McInnis, and
Messrs. Harry Mugg, Edwin Shephard,
Brown, W. J. Kehoe, Wm. Gall-
agher, Wm. O'Brien, James Kelleher,
Halleher, Silas Gilbert, Arthur Gil-
bert, Frank Byers, Chester Wheeler, D.
McDonnell, John McEachern, John Mc-
Donald.

All stayed until a late hour, having
had a most enjoyable evening.

THE CUCKOO.

Guaranteed by Frohman, The Cuckoo
came to Music hall on Wednesday
evening. The cast was headed by Jo-
seph Holland, but in all candor it must
be said that he had to divide the hon-
ors with Clayton White, whose imper-
sonation of Thomas Penfold was a
treasure.

Eleanor Moretti was the bright star
in the galaxy of female participants.
The others of the company were thor-
oughly capable, so that the perfor-
mance proved quite satisfactory and up
to the Frohman standard, which is say-
ing a good deal.

The Cuckoo impresses one as being
rather a light vehicle for the exhibi-
tion of the talents of the coterie of ac-
tors and actresses with whom Mr.
Frohman has entrusted it. Such peo-
ple as Frank Lea Short, Charles Bow-
ser, Sheldon Lewis, David McCartney,
Nora Dunbar, Augusta Close and
Annie Wood ought to have a stronger
piece to present. They make the very
most of the play, however, and theatre-
goers who like to witness a finished, ar-
tistic production can find little fault
with The Cuckoo.

It is a family farce, in three acts, by
Charles Brookfield, adapted from the
French, and is accordingly spicy, al-
though it never passes the limit of
nicety. There are a number of effective
episodes, and Mr. Frohman's people im-
prove them to the utmost.

The attraction was greeted by a fair
sized audience, much smaller than it
merited. The usual after-Christmas lull
in theatricals was in a large measure
responsible for this.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

In Philbrick hall on Wednesday eve-
ning, Dec. 27th, the children of the St.
John's Episcopal Sunday school held
their Christmas tree and festival, and
the spacious hall was nearly filled with
old and young.

First on the programme was a Christ-
mas supper and over a hundred little
ones sat down to the good things pro-
vided for them, and how they did enjoy
it. There was plenty of everything
and the ladies of the society attended
to their every want.

Then came the entertainment, which
greatly pleased everyone present.
The scarf drill, by nine young ladies,
elicited generous applause and was par-
ticipated in by the following: Misses
Luzio Hurley, Marguerite Dawson,
Nora Rutledge, Marguerite Pilgrim,
Dorothy Philbrick, Lucy Holmes, Ethel
Odiorne, Ruth Randall and Florence
Ridge.

Mr. Thomas Simes gave an hour's en-
tertainment with his graphophone and
then came the distribution of gifts.

Apparently no one was forgotten.
There were gifts for old and young,
bags and boxes of candy, toys, useful
and fancy articles. No one went away
empty handed.

Dancing ended on the evening's fun,
Miss Grace Henderson presiding very
acceptably at the piano.

POLICE COURT.

The second session of police court on
Wednesday, Dec. 27th, was held at
headquarters at three o'clock, before As-
sociate Justice Adams. There were two
complaints of larceny against James
O'Neil. The first charged him with
stealing a goose, the property of Henry
Smith, the Market street grocer. He
pleaded guilty. The court imposed a
fine of \$3 and costs amounting to \$10.67.
The second complaint charged him with
stealing an overcoat, the property of
Edward Pearson. To this complaint
the man also pleaded guilty. For this
offense the court imposed a similar sen-
tence. The man will have to go to jail
to work out the fine and costs.

James Lee, a man who was held on
suspicion of being connected with the
latter case, was discharged, on the re-
quest of the marshal, there being no
direct evidence that the fellow had any-
thing to do with it. The owner of the
overcoat called at the station after the
trial and secured his property.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Arvilla
Haher, who at the morning session was
held in the sum of \$200 for her ap-
pearance before the grand jury, secured
bail and was released. Two property
holders in this city went security for
the amount.

BOWLING.

All teams wishing to enter the city
league that is to be formed here must
do so by the fourth of January. Man-
ager Seaborn of the local alleys will
receive the entries. There will prob-
ably be at least a half dozen teams in
the new league. Candle pins will be
rolled.

The Portsmouths will bowl the
marines at the local alleys tonight, at
regulation pins.

On Friday night, the Maplewood
Athletic club bowls the Knights of
Columbus team, at candles.

A team known as the Manson team
wants to bowl the Portsmouths several
games after the latter shall have ended
their series with the marines.

PERSONALS.

Mr. H. C. Hewitt is in Boston on
business.

Dr. A. W. Sherburne is in Boston on
business.

Dr. J. Alonzo Greene was a visitor in
town today.

Miss G. M. Harris of this city is reg-
istered at the Adams house, Boston.

Mr. Paul M. Leighton of this city is
a guest at the Parker house, Boston.

C. B. Hoyt has gone to Concord as
one of the grand jury at the U. S. court.

Civil Engineer Thompson of the Bos-
ton and Maine system was in town Wed-
nesday.

Herbert Dolph of Boston has been the
guest of Miss Eva Pike in town for the
past few days.

Mrs. John Napier and children, who
have been visiting in Barre, Vt., re-
turned home on Wednesday.

Misses Edith and May Merrill of Bos-
ton are the guests of their cousin, Miss
Lulu Randall, in town this week.

Miss Jessie Woods has accepted ap-
pointment as teacher in a school at Skowhe-
gan, Me., and left for that town on
Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles E. Akerman and Miss
Marion Perkins of Boston are the guests
of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Perkins,
Vaughan street.

OBITUARY.

M. F. Prescott.

M. F. Prescott, the proprietor of a
boarding house on High street died
early this morning after a short illness
from pneumonia, aged forty-two years
and one month. He has no near rela-
tives in this city.

BROUGHT FROM SEABROOK.

Constable Chase of Seabrook came
here Wednesday with a man named
Follansbee, of that town who was
sentenced in the police court there to
serve thirty days in the Portsmouth jail
for drunkenness and disorderly con-
duct.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE
FOR XMAS.

It will be for the family when the
rooms have been all newly decorated
and made attractive and costly by
artistic and handsome wall papers.
We have a most artistic stock of fine
wall papers, Lincolns, Waltons, friezes,
ceiling decorations and tile effects for
bath rooms that will make your home a
paradise at small cost.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

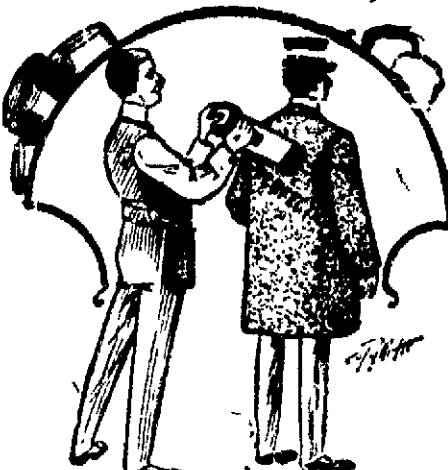
FIRE
Insurance That Will Insure.



R. J. Kirkpatrick,
Congress Block,
PORTSMOUTH, N. N.

G. E. PENDER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE—113 PIERCE ST., EXCHANGE BUILDING
Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 1 p. m. and 7 to 9 p.
Residence—3 Merrimac St.

WANTED—People to notice that I place
Wind Mills, Tanks and Pumps at short
notice. Piping and driving wells a specialty.
Address George W. Brackett, Greco land,
dual, clem.



STAMPS THE WEARER

as a man of some importance when the dress
is right. Ill-fitting clothing brings little con-
sideration for the man it side.
Let us improve your appearance, and, at the
same time, your importance. Our

CLOTHING TO ORDER

will do both.
Every little detail, anything that will add to
the style or improve the finish of the gar-
ment is carefully considered and nothing
neglected. Our garments are perfect in every
respect.

JAS. HAUGH
20 High Street.

You Know That
TAYLOR,
THE CONFECTIONER,
Makes His Own High Grade
CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of
Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At
TAYLOR'S
1 Congress Street, Near High.

TANKS
WIND MILLS
AND PUMPS
Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled
ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION
EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK
Steam, Hot Water and Hot
Air Heating.
PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W. E. Paul
39 to 45 Market St.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.
C. E. BOYNTON
BOTTLER OF ALL KINDS OF
Summer Drinks.

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer
Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Straw-
berry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and
Soda Water in syphons for hotel and
family use. Fountains charged at short
notice.

Bottler of Elderidge and Milwaukee Lager,
Port, Refined Older, Cream and
Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
A continuance of patronage is solicited from
former customers and the public in general.
Every endeavor will be made to fill all orders
promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
18 Bow Street, Portsmouth